

THE ORIENT READERS

No. VI

NOTICE

Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co. beg to announce that the only authorised Urdu Notes and Translations of the "Orient Readers" are those published by Munshi Gulab Singh, Punjab Central Book Depot, Lahore.

THE ORIENT READERS

No. VI

BY

ERIC ROBERTSON, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,
AND VICE-PRINCIPAL, GOVERNMENT COLLEGE, LAHORE
AND FELLOW OF THE PUNJAB UNIVERSITY

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON

MACMILLAN AND CO.

AND NEW YORK

PREFATORY NOTE

IN accordance with the requirements of the Government of India, this Reading Book, specially prepared for Indian High Schools, has been furnished with a large number of lessons calculated to influence the morals and manners and general character of young readers. But every effort has been made to keep out of the Book mere mawkish sermonising and dry-as-dust laying down of abstract laws.

Believing that verses committed to memory in youth are powerful for good all through life, the compiler has chosen to give some of the most important moral lessons of the Book through the medium of noble thoughts beautifully and memorably expressed by poets.

The educational use of well-chosen and well-executed illustrations in books for young people has led to a perfect change in the appearance

of the books taught from in the schools of Europe. This High School Reading Book is one of the first attempts to provide beautiful and instructive pictorial explanations of the reading matter put before Indian children. A complete series of such illustrated Reading Books and Primers is in progress. All of these forthcoming works are being written on the lines lately laid down by the Government of India.

The editor desires to express his obligations to those authors and publishers who have kindly permitted him to make use of copyright matter.

LAHORE, *February* 1891.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| AN ENGLISH COAL-MINE | I |
| THE LOVE OF LIFE <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> | 5 |
| A BOY NATURALIST <i>Dr. Samuel Smiles</i> | 8 |
| THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD | 11 |
| THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW <i>Sir A. Alison</i> | 14 |
| THE SEMOOM OF THE DESERT <i>W. G. Palgrave</i> | 19 |
| THE LOST COLONY <i>J. S. Sleeper</i> | 21 |
| <i>I'LL FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT</i> <i>John G. Saxe</i> | 24 |
| FLAX AND HEMP | 25 |
| THE GREAT BENGAL FAMINE—Part I <i>Sir William Hunter</i> | 28 |
| " " " —Part II " " | 35 |
| <i>ONE BY ONE</i> <i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i> | 37 |
| THE ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH <i>Malte-Brun</i> | 38 |
| <i>LABOUR</i> <i>Frances Osgood</i> | 41 |
| <i>TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW</i> <i>Dr. Charles Mackay</i> | 42 |
| THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS <i>Oliver Goldsmith</i> | 43 |
| THE TWO ROADS <i>Jean Paul Richter</i> | 48 |
| <i>CRUELTY TO ANIMALS</i> <i>Cowper</i> | 49 |
| THE GOLDEN TOUCH—Part I <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> | 50 |
| " " —Part II " " | 55 |
| " " —Part III " " | 59 |
| " " —Part IV " " | 63 |
| <i>THE HERITAGE</i> <i>J. R. Lowell</i> | 67 |
| THE EYE—Part I <i>Dr. George Wilson</i> | 69 |
| " —Part II " " | 73 |

| | PAGE |
|---|--------------------------|
| THE GULF STREAM <i>P. H. Gosse</i> | 78 |
| THE MAN OF BUSINESS <i>Sir Arthur Helps</i> | 81 |
| SOLOMON AND THE BEES <i>John G. Saxe</i> | 86 |
| A DAY IN LONDON—Part I <i>Bayard Taylor</i> | 87 |
| „ „ —Part II—WESTMINSTER ABBEY „ | 91 |
| THE EAR <i>Dr. George Wilson</i> | 94 |
| HOW TO WRITE <i>Rev. Edward Everett Hale</i> | 100 |
| THE MOON AND STARS: A FABLE <i>Montgomery</i> | 103 |
| BRITISH COLONIAL POWER „ <i>“Atlantic Monthly”</i> | 106 |
| BALAKLAVA <i>W. H. Russell</i> | 110 |
| ENGLAND'S DEAD <i>Mrs. Hemans</i> | 115 |
| THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN SOUTHERN INDIA—Part I | <i>Lord Macaulay</i> 117 |
| „ „ —Part II „ „ | 121 |
| „ „ —Part III „ „ | 127 |
| AN ODE <i>Joseph Addison</i> | 130 |
| THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE <i>Sydney Smith</i> | 130 |
| ARYAN AND OTHER RACES <i>E. A. Freeman</i> | 133 |
| VENICE <i>C. A. Fyffe</i> | 141 |
| ODE ON SOLITUDE <i>Alexander Pope</i> | 145 |
| BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR <i>War Correspondent of “The Standard”</i> | 146 |
| THE GREAT MART <i>Mrs. Barbauld</i> | 149 |
| DEATH THE LEVELLER <i>J. Shirley</i> | 151 |
| RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND <i>Washington Irving</i> | 152 |
| THE PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME <i>John Foster</i> | 159 |
| RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN—Part I <i>H. W. Longfellow</i> | 161 |
| „ „ —Part II „ „ | 163 |
| THE STORY OF MACBETH—Part I <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i> | 166 |
| „ „ —Part II „ „ | 170 |
| „ „ —Part III „ „ | 175 |
| SIR CHARLES NAPIER <i>Dr. Samuel Smiles</i> | 178 |
| MERCY <i>Shakespeare</i> | 181 |
| THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR—Part I <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i> | 182 |

CONTENTS

ix

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR—Part II <i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i> | 186 |
| " "—Part III " " | 190 |
| MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS . . . <i>Dr. George Wilson</i> | 198 |
| <i>ABOU BEN ADHEM</i> <i>Leigh Hunt</i> | 201 |
| NATURE UNSUBDUED—Part I <i>J. D. Dana</i> | 202 |
| NATURE SUBDUED—Part II " | 206 |
| <i>POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO LAERTES</i> <i>Shakespeare</i> | 209 |
| WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF—Part I . <i>Sir Archibald Geikie</i> | 209 |
| " "—Part II " " | 212 |
| TYPHOONS AND WATERSPOUTS <i>P. H. Gosse</i> | 215 |
| <i>A PSALM OF LIFE</i> <i>Longfellow</i> | 218 |
| THE STRUGGLE AGAINST LAZINESS . <i>Dr. Samuel Smiles</i> | 219 |
| <i>NOW AND THEN</i> <i>Jane Taylor</i> | 222 |
| MANLINESS OF HEART AND SOUL . <i>Dr. J. Thain Davidson</i> | 224 |
| <i>CONTENTMENT</i> <i>Sir E. Dyer</i> | 227 |
| THE YOUTH OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS <i>F. W. Farrar</i> | 228 |
| <i>HUMAN FRAILTY</i> <i>Cowper</i> | 234 |
| LORD LAWRENCE <i>Sir Richard Temple</i> | 234 |
| <i>SANTA FILOMENA</i> <i>Longfellow</i> | 239 |
| TIGER-SHOOTING <i>Heber's "Indian Journal"</i> | 240 |



EXTERIOR VIEW OF COAL-MINE.

AN ENGLISH COAL-MINE

1. OF all the coal-fields in England, the Northumberland and Durham coal-field is the most important. It extends as far north as the river Coquet, and as far south as the Tees. For the most part it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east, while on the west it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata "dip" or descend towards the east, and crop out or ascend towards the west. At one point a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots the same seam rises nearly to the surface.

2. Throughout the greater part of the coal-field the various beds of coal amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral.

3. All these seams of coal have different names. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main.

They are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. It is calculated that the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet.

4. To those deep-lying coals we must ask the reader to pay a visit. Stepping into a basket, or a large iron tub, we are lowered by means of very strong ropes or chains. Arrived at the bottom of the pit, what do we see? Nothing, or nothing but darkness visible: all vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before we become accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men. Each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness, for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light.

5. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are to be seen moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem enough to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of those horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

6. A coal-mine is not simply a pit with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction to a great distance. Those passages are cut in a "seam" of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal.

7. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it. There are portions left, therefore, called "pillars," to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways are laid along the passages, to make it easy to move the tubs of coal from the workings to the shaft.

8. With regard to working the coal, the pitmen are obliged to adopt different methods according to the



DESCENDING A MINE.

thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases, the hewer cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in front of him, and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and top to the general mass. The driving in of a few wedges, or the application of gunpowder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state.

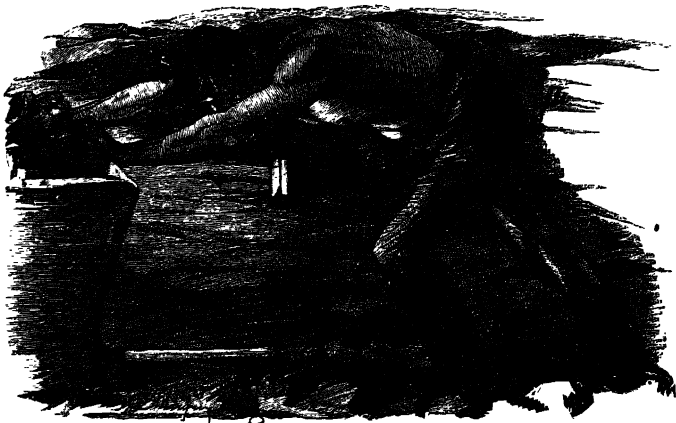
9. The seams of coal, and the apertures where such seams have been, often give out gases, which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as quickly as possible, and this can be effected only by sending a constant current of air through the working.

10. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves, throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages. In former times, the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a "steel mill," but the beautiful safety-lamp, or "Davy," as the miners familiarly term it, has superseded this.

11. In this lamp there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected, as it often is by the miners, those explosions take place which so frequently give rise to such fearful results.

12. The *hewer* is the actual coal digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed.

13. The *putter* drags the coal from the working to the passages, where horses can be employed in the work. The *crane-man* manages the crane by which the great baskets of coal are transferred to the waggons. The *viewer* is the officer who is responsible for the work ; and so on ; for, as the reader has here the means of observing, the colliers are



THE PUTTER.

not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit to seek their coally fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic ; every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he is to do.

THE LOVE OF LIFE

1. AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers, which in the vigour of youth we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind ; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

2. Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable ! If I should judge of that part of life

which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective still beckons me to pursue, and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

3. Whence, my friend, this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years?—whence comes it that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarcely worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him with his own hand to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could be only prejudicial: and life acquires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

4. Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. “I would not choose,” says a French philosopher, “to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted.” A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance; hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession. They love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

5. Chinwang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison,

during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great Father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and in darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress.

6. "As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinwang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy unless I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed, in that prison from which you were pleased to release me."

7. The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and embitter our parting.

8. Life uses the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing, its company pleases; yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increased frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

9. Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere,

brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king, his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasure before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even in the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking around the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition.

10. "If life be in youth so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, surely it will then be execrable." This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of a perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking, he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion. Adieu! OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A BOY NATURALIST

1. It is difficult to tell how Thomas Edward became a naturalist. He himself says he could never tell. Various influences determine the direction of boys' likings and dislikings. Boys who live in the country are usually fond of birds and bird-nesting; just as girls who live at home are fond of dolls and doll-keeping. But this boy had more than the ordinary tendency to like living things; he wished to live among them. He made pets of them, and desired to have them constantly about him.

2. When only about four months old he leaped from his mother's arms in the vain endeavour to catch some flies buzzing in the window. She clutched him by his long clothes, and saved him from falling to the ground.

3. When the family removed to Aberdeen, young Edward was in his glory. Close at hand were some small

green river islands covered with waving sedge. Between the islands were channels through which the tide flowed, with numerous pits or hollows. These were the places for minnows, eels, crabs, and worms.

4. Above the islands the town's manure was laid down. The heaps were remarkably prolific in beetles, rats, sparrows, and numerous kinds of flies. Then the neighbouring stream yielded no end of horse-leeches, tadpoles, frogs, and other creatures that abound in fresh or muddy water.

5. The boy used daily to play at these places, and brought home with him his "venomous beasts," as the neighbours called them. At first they consisted, for the most part, of tadpoles, beetles, snails, frogs, sticklebacks, and small green crabs. But as he grew older he brought home horse-leeches, newts, young rats—a nest of young rats was a glorious prize—field-mice and house-mice, hedge-hogs, moles, birds, and birds' nests of various kinds.

6. The fishes and birds were easily kept; but, as there was no secure place for the toads, horse-leeches, rats, and such things, they usually made their escape into the adjoining houses, where they were by no means welcome guests. The neighbours complained of the venomous creatures which the young naturalist was continually bringing home. The horse-leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them, fetching blood; the toads and newts roamed about the floors; and the beetles, moles, and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them.

7. The boy was spoken to severely. His mother threw out all his horse-leeches, crabs, birds, and birds' nests, and he was strictly forbidden to bring such things into the house again. But it was of no use. The next time that he went out to play he brought home as many of his "beasts" as before.

8. He was then threatened with corporal punishment; but that very night he brought in a nest of young rats. He was then flogged; but it did him no good. The disease, if it might be so called, was so firmly rooted in him as to be entirely beyond the power of outward appliances.

9. As he could not be kept at home, but was always

running after his "beasts," his father at last determined to take his clothes from him altogether; so, one morning when he went to work, he carried them with him. When the boy got up, and found that he had nothing to wear, he was in a state of great dismay. His mother, having pinned a bit of an old petticoat round his neck, said to him, "I'm sure you'll be a prisoner this day."

10. But no! His mother went downstairs for milk, leaving him in the house. He had tied a string round his middle, to make himself a little more fit for moving about. He followed his mother downstairs, and hid himself at the back of the entry door; and as soon as she had passed in, Tom bolted out, ran down the street, and immediately was at his old employment of hunting for crabs, horse-leeches, toads, and sticklebacks.

11. When Edward was between four and five years old, he was sent to a school kept by an old woman called Bell Hill. He was accustomed to bring many of his "beasts" with him to school. The scholars were delighted with his butterflies, but few of them cared to be bitten or stung by his other animals, and to have horse-leeches crawling about them was unendurable. Thus Edward became a source of dread and annoyance to the whole school.

12. At last he brought with him an animal of a much larger sort than usual. It was a jackdaw. He used to keep it at home, but it made such a noise that he was sent out with it one morning with strict orders not to bring it back again. He must let it go, or give it to somebody else.

13. But he was fond of his jackdaw, and his jackdaw was fond of him. It would follow him about like a dog. He could not part with the bird, so he took it to school with him. But how could he hide it? Little boys' trousers were in those days buttoned over their vest; and as Tom's trousers were pretty wide, he thought he could get the bird in there. He got it safely into his trousers before he entered the school.

14. So far, so good. But when the schoolmistress gave the word "Pray," all the little boys and girls knelt down, turning their backs to her. At this movement the jackdaw

became fractious. He could not accommodate himself to the altered position.

15. But seeing a little light overhead, he made ~~his way~~ ^{his way} with it. He thrust his beak through the opening between the trousers and the vest. He pushed his way upward; Tom squeezed him downward to where he was before. But this only made the jackdaw furious. He struggled, forced his way upward, got his bill through the opening, and then his head.

16. The jackdaw immediately began to *cre-waw! cre-waw!* "Heaven preserve us! What's this now?" cried Bell, starting to her feet. "It's Tom Edward again," shouted the scholars, "with a crow sticking out of his trousers!" Bell went up to him, pulled him up by his collar, dragged him to the door, thrust him out, and locked the door after him. Edward never saw Bell Hill again.

SAMUEL SMILES.

THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD

1. THE manner in which the bloodvessels are disposed in the human body bears some resemblance to the arrangement of the pipes by which a great city is supplied with water. London is, in a great measure, supplied by means of what we may call an engine contrived for the purpose of distributing the water of the New River through the city. Large trunks are carried from this engine in different directions; smaller pipes branch out from these trunks into streets, lanes and alleys; still smaller pipes issue from the branch pipes, and convey the water into private houses. These water-pipes may represent the *arteries* which carry the blood from the heart to the extremities of the body.

2. But in the human body another contrivance was necessary. The citizens of London may use the water or waste it as they please; but the precious fluid conveyed by the arteries to the ends of the fingers must be returned to the heart; for on its unceasing circulation our health depends. In order to effect this purpose, another set of

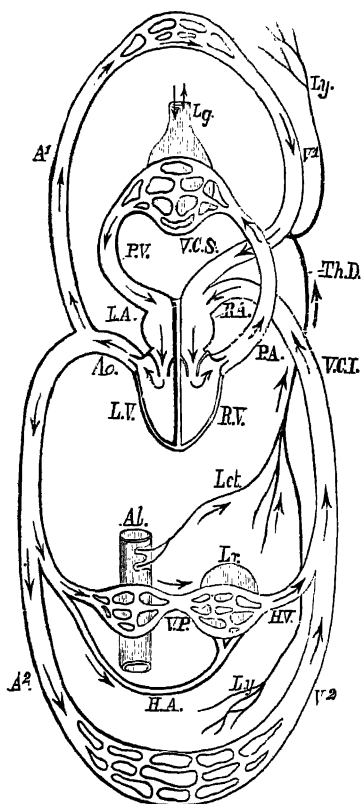


DIAGRAM OF THE HEART AND VESSELS, WITH THE COURSE OF THE CIRCULATION, VIEWED FROM BEHIND, SO THAT THE PROPER LEFT OF THE OBSERVER CORRESPONDS WITH THE LEFT SIDE OF THE HEART IN THE DIAGRAM.

L.A. left auricle; *L.V.* left ventricle; *A.O.* aorta; *A¹*. arteries to the upper part of the body; *A²*. arteries to the lower part of the body; *H.A.* hepatic artery, which supplies the liver with part of its blood; *V¹*. veins of the upper part of the body; *V²*. veins of the lower part of the body; *V.P.* vena portæ; *H.V.* hepatic vein; *V.C.I.* inferior vena cava; *V.C.S.* superior vena cava; *R.A.* right auricle; *R.V.* right ventricle; *P.A.* pulmonary artery; *Lg.* lung; *P.V.* pulmonary vein; *Lct.* lacteals; *Ly.* lymphatics; *Th.D.* thoracic duct; *Al.* alimentary canal; *Lr.* liver. The arrows indicate the course of the blood, lymph, and chyle. The vessels which contain arterial blood have dark contours, while those which carry venous blood have light contours.

pipes is prepared, called *veins*, which, joining the extremities of the arteries, receive the blood from them, and carry it back again to the heart.

3. The veins present the same general appearance as the arteries, except that they have valves at short intervals all along their course; but as the office of the arteries is to distribute the blood, so that of the veins is to collect it. Through them it flows back to the heart in a manner just the reverse of that in which it sets out; the minute veins unite in larger branches, the larger branches unite in still larger trunks, till the collected blood is at length poured into the heart through one opening.

4. The engine that works this curious machinery is the *heart*. The heart is composed of four cavities. Like other muscles it has the power of contracting; and when it contracts, the sides of

its cavities are squeezed together, so as to force out any fluid which it may at that moment contain. This purpose being effected, the fibres relax, the heart once more becomes hollow, and as it dilates, the blood pours into the cavities from the large vein which brings it back to the heart.

5. The next contraction forces the blood into the arteries, —the quantity thus impelled being always equal to that which has just been received ; and thus this wonderful organ goes on, alternately contracting and dilating itself *four thousand* times in an hour. The two larger cavities of the heart, which send out the blood to the arteries, are called *ventricles* ; the two smaller, which receive it from the veins, *auricles*. The two great arteries which issue from the heart are furnished with valves, which play easily forward but do not admit the blood to return to the heart.

6. In all this there is abundant evidence of wise contrivance. The blood, in going out from the heart, is continually passing from wide tubes into those which are narrower ; in coming back it passes from narrow vessels into wider ; consequently, it presses the sides of the arteries with greater force than it presses the coats of the veins. To prevent any danger from this difference of pressure, the arteries are formed of much-tougher and stronger materials than the veins. This is one difference between the two ; there is another still more strikingly illustrative of the care of the Great Artificer.

7. As a wound in the arteries, through which the blood passes with such force from the heart, would be more dangerous than a wound in the veins, the arteries are defended, not only by their stronger texture, but by their more sheltered situation. They are deeply buried among the muscles, or they creep along grooves made for them in the bones. The under side of the ribs is sloped and furrowed, to allow these important tubes to pass along in safety ; and in the fingers, which are liable to so many casualties, the bones are hollowed out on one of their surfaces like a scoop. Along this channel the artery runs in such security that you might cut your finger across to the bone without doing the artery any injury.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW

1. THE weather, though cold and frosty at night, had hitherto been clear and bright during the day; and the continued, though now level and powerless sun, had cheered the hearts of the soldiers. But on the 6th November, the Russian winter set in with unwonted severity. Cold fogs first rose from the surface of the ground, and obscured the heretofore unclouded face of the sun; a few flakes of snow next began to float in the atmosphere, and filled the army with dread; gradually the light of day declined, and a thick murky darkness overspread the firmament.

2. The wind rose and ere long blew with frightful violence, howling through the forests, or sweeping over the plains with resistless fury: the snow fell in thick and continued showers which soon covered the earth with an impenetrable clothing, confounding all objects together, and leaving the army to wander in the dark through an icy desert. Great numbers of the soldiers, in struggling to get forward, fell into hollows or ditches which were concealed by the treacherous surface, and perished miserably before the eyes of their comrades; others were swallowed up in the moving hills, which, like the sands of the desert, preceded the blast of death.

3. To fall was certain destruction: the severity of the tempest speedily checked respiration; and the snow, accumulating round the sufferer, soon formed a little sepulchre for his remains. The road and the fields in its vicinity were rapidly strewn with these melancholy eminences: and the succeeding columns found the surface rough and almost impassable from the multitude of these icy mounds that lay upon their route.

4. Accustomed as the soldiers had been to death in its ordinary forms, there was something singularly appalling in the uniformity of the snowy wilderness which, like a vast winding-sheet, seemed ready to envelop the remains of the whole army. Exhausted by fatigue, or pierced by cold,

tion concentrated, in these terrible moments, every one's energies on his own safety ; and the catastrophes of others were unheeded, when all anticipated similar disasters for themselves. Some, however, of a firmer character, resisted the contagion, and preserved, even in the wreck of nature, the gaiety and serenity of indomitable minds.

12. In the midst of these unparalleled horrors, the rapid disorganisation of the army seemed the prelude to its entire destruction. The road, trodden down by such an innumerable multitude of feet, and rolled over by such a number of wheels, became as hard and slippery as ice itself. In that rigorous latitude, where this state of things annually returns and continues five months, the horses of the Russians are all roughshod, the waggons are placed upon sledges, and the light cannon are put on carriages mounted on the same vehicles. But no precautions of this description had been thought of in the French army : none of the horses were frosted, nor were any means provided for doing so ; and numbers of the unhappy animals, slipping and falling on their knees at every step, became exhausted with fatigue, and sank down on the ice to rise no more.

13. The want of forage or provisions at the same time weakened those which kept their feet to such a degree, that they became unable to resist the effect of the night bivouacs : it was this, and not the cold, which proved fatal to the horses ; for, if well fed, a horse can withstand the severest cold as well as the strongest man. The few regiments which had hitherto succeeded in preserving a few animals, by means of pasture picked up in the fields on the roadside, now found them at once destroyed by the snow covering the ground ; for magazines, or distributions of rations, there were none, and from Moscow to Smolensko was a distance of two hundred miles.

14. It was the incessant fatigue and want of provisions, more even than the cold, which at this period of the retreat, and indeed during its whole continuance, proved fatal to the French army. The troops, marching without intermission, and never receiving any distribution of rations, soon found themselves a prey to the horrors of famine, and

were reduced, as their sole means of subsistence, to the flesh of the numerous horses which dropped down by the wayside. The instant that one of these wretched animals sank, a famished group fell upon it and shared its remains among them. The army subsisted almost entirely, for weeks together, on this melancholy resource; and much as Napoleon lamented the destruction of these animals, his condition, had they survived, would have been still worse, for in that case all the men would have perished.

15. But these disastrous circumstances, and above all the evident hopelessness of their situation, from the knowledge that there were no magazines on the line of retreat over a space of five hundred miles, except at Smolensko and Minsk, produced the most depressing effect upon the mind of the soldiers. Despair and recklessness made them desert their standards in crowds; before they reached Smolensko the army generally had lost all appearance of a regular array, and presented a hideous mass of stragglers, clothed in fur cloaks and other finery, which they had plundered from Moscow or reft from their dead comrades who had perished on the road.

16. No one could credit, who had not witnessed it, the general hardness of heart which prevailed. The strongest bonds of gratitude, the oldest ties of friendship, were snapped asunder. Self-preservation became the universal object. The dying closed their eyes with curses and imprecations on their lips; the living passed unheeding by. The few prisoners taken at Malo-Jaroslavitz and Wiasma were shot without mercy when they could march no more.

17. In the midst of the general distress, the marshals, generals, and higher administrators, who had taken the precaution to bring provisions for themselves and their horses with them from Moscow, lived in comparative abundance; and the contrast this afforded to their own destitute condition augmented the rage and indignation of the soldiers. They broke out into as vehement and impassioned complaints against, as they had formerly breathed adulation towards, Napoleon: his ambition, his obstinacy, his pride, were in every mouth; he had penetrated to Moscow contrary to all

the rules of art ; he had ruined himself, and them all with him. The Emperor himself marched on foot, grave, but calm and collected ; his appearance was that of a great mind contending with adversity.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

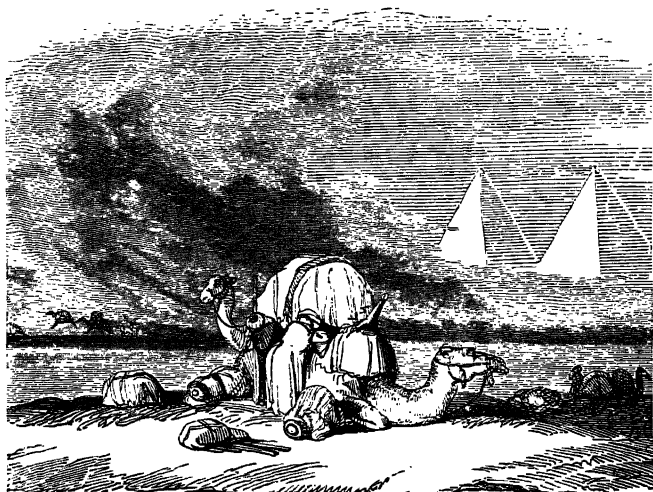
THE SEMOOM OF THE DESERT

1. IT was about noon, the noon of a summer solstice in the unclouded Arabian sky over a scorched desert, when abrupt and burning gusts of wind began to blow by fits from the south, while the oppressiveness of the air increased every moment, till my companion and myself mutually asked each other what this could mean and what was to be its results. We turned to inquire of Salim, but he had already wrapped up his face in his mantle, and, bowed down and crouching on the neck of his camel, replied not a word. His comrades, the two Sherarat Bedouins, had adopted a similar position and were equally silent. At last, after repeated interrogations, Salim, instead of replying directly to our questioning, pointed to a small black tent, providentially at no great distance in front, and said, "Try to reach *that* ; if we can get there we are saved." He added, "Take care that your camels do not stop and lie down ;" and then, giving his own several vigorous blows, relapsed into muffled silence.

2. We looked anxiously towards the tent ; it was yet a hundred yards off, or more. Meanwhile the gusts grew hotter and more violent, and it was only by repeated efforts that we could urge our beasts forward. The horizon rapidly darkened to a deep violet hue, and seemed to draw in like a curtain on every side ; while at the same time a stifling blast, as though from some enormous oven opening right on our path, blew steadily under the gloom ; our camels, too, began in spite of all we could do to turn round and round and bend their knees, preparing to lie down. The semoom was fairly upon us.

3. Of course we had followed our Arabs' example by

muffling our faces, and now with blows and kicks we forced the staggering animals onwards to the only asylum within reach. So dark was the atmosphere, and so burning the heat, that it seemed that hell had risen from the earth, or descended from above. But we were yet in time, and at the moment when the worst of the concentrated poison-blast was coming around, we were already prostrate one and all within the tent, with our heads well wrapped up, almost suffocated indeed, but safe ; while our camels lay without



THE PASSING OF THE GALE

like dead, their long necks stretched out on the sand, awaiting the passing of the gale.

4. On our first arrival, the tent contained a solitary Bedouin woman, whose husband was away with his camels in the Wadi Sirhan. When she saw five handsome men like us rush thus suddenly into her dwelling without a word of leave or salutation, she very properly set up a scream. Salim hastened to reassure her by calling out "friends," and without more words threw himself flat on the ground. All followed his example in silence.

5. We remained thus for about ten minutes, during which a still heat, like that of red-hot iron, slowly passing over us, was alone to be felt. Then the tent walls began again to flap in the returning gusts, and announced that the worst of the semoom had gone by. We got up half dead with exhaustion and unmuffled our faces. My comrades appeared more like corpses than living men, and so I suppose did I. However, I could not forbear, in spite of warnings, to step out and look at the camels; they were still lying flat, as though they had been shot. The air was yet darkish, but before long it brightened up to its usual dazzling clearness. During the whole time that the semoom lasted, the atmosphere was entirely free from sand or dust; so that I hardly know how to account for its singular obscurity.

W. G. PALGRAVE.

THE LOST COLONY

1. ALTHOUGH now consisting of little else than barren rocks, mountains covered with snow and ice, and valleys covered with glaciers,—although its coasts are now lined with floods of ice, and chequered with icebergs of immense size,—Greenland was once easily accessible; its soil was fruitful, and well repaid the cultivation of the earth. It was discovered by the Scandinavians towards the close of the tenth century, and a settlement was effected on the eastern coast in the year 982 by a company of adventurers from Iceland, under command of Eric the Red. Emigrants flocked thither from Iceland and Norway, and the results of European enterprise and civilisation appeared on different parts of the coast. A colony was established in Greenland, and it bid fair to go on and prosper.

2. Voyages of exploration were projected in Greenland, and carried into effect by the hardy mariners of those days. Papers have been published by the Danish Antiquarian Society at Copenhagen which go far to show that those bold navigators discovered the coast of Labrador, and proceeding to the south, fell in with the island of Newfound-

land ; continuing their course, they beheld the sandy shores of Cape Cod, centuries before the American continent was discovered by Christopher Columbus.

3. It is even believed that these Scandinavian adventurers effected a settlement on the shores of what is now known as Narraganset Bay in Rhode Island, and in consequence of the multitude of grapes which abounded in the woods, they called the new and fruitful country Vinland. But owing to the great number of hostile savages who inhabited these regions, the colonists, after some sanguinary skirmishes, forsook the coast and returned to Greenland.

4. The colony, however, continued to flourish, and the intercourse between it and the mother-country was constant and regular. In the year 1400 it is said to have numbered one hundred and ninety villages, a bishopric, twelve parishes, and two monasteries. During this period of four hundred years, vessels were passing at regular intervals between the Danish provinces in Europe and Greenland. But in the year 1406 this intercourse was interrupted in a fatal manner. A mighty wall arose, as if by magic, along the coast, and the navigators who sought those shores could behold the mountains in the distance but could not effect a landing.

5. During the greater part of the fifteenth, and the whole of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Greenland was inaccessible to European navigators. The whole coast was blockaded by large masses and islands of ice, which had been drifting from the north for years, and which at length chilled the waters of the coast, changed the temperature of the atmosphere, and presented an impassable barrier to the entrance into their ports of friend or foe. The sea, at the distance of miles from the land, was frozen to a great depth, vegetation was destroyed, and the very rocks were rent with the cold. And this intensely rigid weather continued for ages !

6. The colony of Greenland, after this unexpected event took place, never had any intercourse with their friends in the mother-country. They were cut off from all the rest of the world. And by this sudden and unanticipated change

of climate, they were also doubtless deprived of all resources within themselves. Their fate, however, is a mystery. History is silent on the subject. All that is known of this unfortunate people is, that they no longer exist.

7. The ruins of their habitations and their churches have since been discovered along the coast by adventurous men, who have taken advantage of an amelioration in the climate to explore that sterile country, and establish settlements again on various parts of the coast ; and also by missionaries, who have braved hardships and perils to introduce among the aboriginal inhabitants the blessings of civilisation. No other traces of those early European settlers have been discovered, and we can only speculate upon their fate.

8. It would require no vivid fancy to imagine the appalling sense of destitution which blanched the features and chilled the hearts of those unhappy colonists when they began to realise their forlorn condition ; when the cold rapidly increased, and their harbours became permanently blocked with enormous icebergs, and the genial rays of the sun were obscured by fogs ; when the winters became for the first time intensely rigid, cheerless, and dreary ; when the summers were also cold, and the soil was unproductive ; when mountains, no longer crowned with forests, were covered with snow and ice throughout the year, and the valleys filled with glaciers ; when the wonted inhabitants of the woods and waters were destroyed or exiled by the severity of the weather, and their places perhaps supplied by monsters of a huge and frightful character.

9. It were easy to follow this people in fancy to their dwellings ; to see them sad, spiritless, and despairing, while conscious of their imprisoned and cheerless condition and impending fate ; to watch them as their numbers gradually diminish through the combined influence of want and continual suffering ; to behold them struggling for existence, and striving, nobly striving, to adapt their constitutions, their habits, their feelings, and their wants to their strangely changed circumstances, but all in vain.

J. S. SLEEPER.

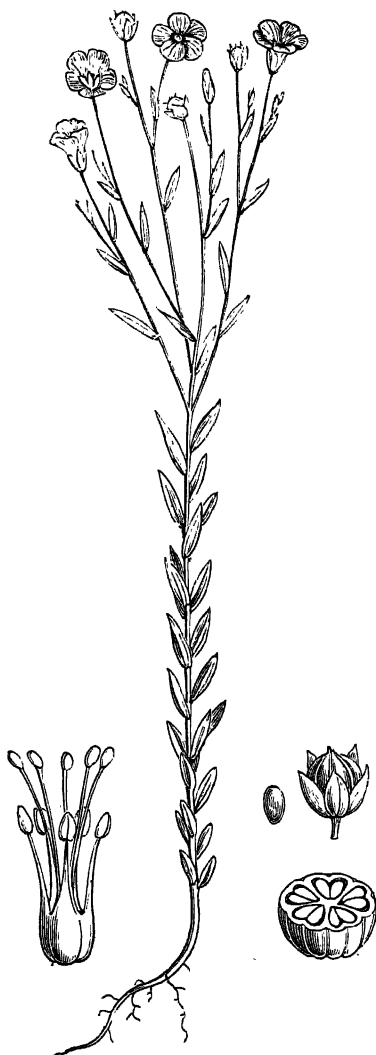
I'LL FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT

1. It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say :
"They're safe in such a fortress ;
There is *no* way to shake it !"
"On ! on !" exclaimed the hero ;
"I'll find a way, or make it !"
2. Is fame your aspiration ?
Her path is steep and high ;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it !"
3. Is learning your ambition ?
There is *no* royal road ;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode :
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
"To find a way, or make it !"
4. Are riches worth the getting ?
They must be *bravely* sought ;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought :
To all the prize is open,
But only *he* can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it !"

FLAX AND HEMP

1. THE vegetable matters employed for clothing are chiefly of two kinds: the fibres of some plants, and the downy substance in which the seeds of others are embedded. The plants from whose fibres thread and cloth are principally made are *flax*, *hemp*, and *jute*. Flax is an annual plant, bearing pretty blue flowers; a field of flax in blossom has a very gay appearance. It is allowed to grow till the seeds are ripe; then the whole plant is plucked up by the hands, cleared of its seed vessels, and laid in little bundles in pits full of water, to rot. This process is necessary to dissolve the substance which holds the fibres of the bark together, and it is the most disagreeable part of the business, for the smell which comes from the flax while rotting is both unpleasant and bad for the health.

2. When the flax has lain long enough, it is



FLAX PLANT.

taken out, washed, and dried, then beaten with mallets from the shorter and coarser ones. The operation of spinning, which it next undergoes, consists in drawing out several of the fibres and twisting them together. Formerly, this was done by means of a spinning wheel, and in still older times, as it is still in some parts of Europe, by a spindle and distaff, the thread being twisted by the fingers of the spinner; but now it is almost entirely performed by means of machinery, at least in England and Ireland. A machine will make many hundred times as much thread in a day as the hardest working person could in a week. Some thread twisted closer than the rest is kept for sewing, but the greater part is made up in bundles, called *linen-yarn*, and given to the weaver.

3. Weaving may be regarded as a finer kind of matting. The threads which form the length of a piece of cloth are first arranged in order, and strained by weights to a proper tightness; this is called the *warp*. These threads are divided, by an instrument called a *reed*, into two sets, each composed of every other thread; by the working of another part of the *loom* (for so the whole machine is called) each set of threads is thrown first up and then down; the *cross-threads*, called the *woof*, being passed between them meanwhile.

4. Linen fabrics are not originally white, but of that dingy colour which you may see in coarse linen; they are whitened by the process of bleaching, which consists in their being exposed to the air and sun and frequently watered.

5. *Hemp* is a much taller and stronger plant than flax. It has a rough stalk, rising to the height of five or six feet; its flowers are green, and by no means remarkable. Its fibrous part, as in flax, is the bark which surrounds the main stalk. Hemp undergoes the same process as flax does before it can be woven; but being of a stronger and coarser texture, it requires more labour to separate the finer fibres from the rest. It is commonly employed in making sail-cloth and sacking, and other things in which great strength is required, but it is also used for sheeting: cords and ropes of all kinds are made also of hemp, which is used for that purpose nearly in a raw state, and twisted first into coarser twine and afterwards into rope.

6. *Cotton* is a white substance contained in the seed-pods of a plant of which there are several different species, in America, India, and many other countries. It is cultivated in the south of Europe, but never found there in a wild state. A great quantity goes to England from Egypt. When the cotton is first plucked out of the pods, it has somewhat the appearance of wool, but is much more silky



MALE HEMP PLANT.

to the touch. The seeds which cling to the cotton are separated by means of mills; it is then in a fit state to be sent to the manufacturer. After being picked and combed, and undergoing several other operations which it would take too long to describe here, it is at last spun into thread.

7. The cotton manufactories of England are not equalled by those of any other country, and the fabrics made by them are sent all over the world, forming one of England's

chief articles of trade. As cotton will not grow in cold climates, England obtains it from America, India, and Egypt, and also from some of its West Indian colonies. In China there is found a species of cotton which, instead of being white, is of a very pretty buff colour. The Chinese manufacture a great deal of it without dyeing. It was much used in Great Britain a few years ago under the name of *Nankin*, which it received from a city in China near which it is grown.

THE GREAT BENGAL FAMINE

PART I

1. IN the cold weather of 1769, Bengal was visited by a famine whose ravages two generations failed to repair. English historians, treating of Indian history as a series of struggles about the Company's charter, enlivened with startling military exploits, have naturally little to say regarding an occurrence which involved neither a battle nor a parliamentary debate. Mill, with all his accuracy and minuteness, can spare barely five lines for the subject; and the recent Famine Commissioners confess themselves unable to fill in the details. But the disaster, which from this distance floats as a faint speck on the horizon of our rule, stands out in the contemporary records in appalling proportions.

2. It forms, indeed, the key to the history of Bengal during the succeeding forty years; it places in a new light those broad tracks of desolation which the English conquerors found everywhere throughout the Lower Valley; it unfolds the sufferings entailed on an ancient rural society, by being suddenly placed in a position in which its immemorial forms and usages could no longer apply; and then it explains how, out of the disorganised and fragmentary elements, a new order of things was evolved.

3. Lower Bengal has three harvests each year: a scanty pulse crop in spring; a more important rice crop in autumn; and the great rice crop, the harvest of the year, in December. In the early part of 1769 high prices had ruled, owing to the partial failure of the crops in 1768; but the scarcity had not been so severe as materially to affect the Govern-

ment rental. In spite of the complaints and forebodings of local officers, the authorities at headquarters reported



PORTRAIT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

that the land-tax had been rigorously enforced; and the rains of 1769, although deficient in the northern districts, seemed for a time to promise relief. In the Delta they had been so abundant as to cause temporary loss from

inundation; and during the succeeding year of general famine, the whole south-east of Bengal uttered no complaint.

4. The September harvest, indeed, was sufficient to enable the Bengal Council to promise grain to Madras on a large scale, notwithstanding the high prices. But in that month the periodical rains prematurely ceased, and the crop, which depended on them for existence, withered. "The fields of rice," wrote the native superintendent of Bishenpore at a later period, "are become like fields of dried straw." Calamitous predictions, however, were at that time so common on the part of local officials, that the Governor declined to transmit the alarm. The only serious intimation of the approaching famine to the Court of Directors in 1769 is not signed by the President, Mr. Verelst, but by Mr. John Cartier, the second in Council, who was to succeed him. The Government had deemed it necessary to lay in a supply for the troops,—a piece of foresight at that period common when a harvest was either very abundant or very scanty, and one which Mr. Cartier wholly failed to carry out in the present instance.

5. On the 24th of December, after the last harvest of the year had been gathered in, Mr. Verelst laid down his office, without having conveyed to his masters a single intimation of the true nature of the impending famine.

6. On the same day Mr. Cartier took over charge of the province; but he seems to have intimated to his masters no further anxiety until late in January 1770. In the fourth week of that month he writes that one district was suffering so severely that some slight remission of the land-tax would have to be made; but ten days afterwards he informs the Court that, although the distress was undoubtedly very great, the Council had not "yet found any failure in the revenue or stated payment."

7. New hopes had also arisen, for the spring crop now covered the fields and promised a speedy, although a scanty relief. It was ascertained, moreover, that both banks of the Ganges, in the north of the province, had yielded an abundant barley and wheat harvest. The people suffered intensely—how intensely, it seems to have been as

difficult then as now for the Central Government to ascertain until too late; and, notwithstanding alarming reports from the districts, up to the middle of February the Council believed the question to be chiefly one of revenue.

8. The utmost that could be expected from Government, it wrote, would be a lenient policy towards the husbandman whom a bad harvest had disabled from paying the usual land-tax. It was common at that period to make temporary remissions and advances whenever a harvest proved deficient; but during 1769-70, although such indulgences were constantly proposed, they were not, except in a very few isolated instances, granted. Various charitable schemes were proposed, but no other relief-measures at this period are specified in the letters home; and the local efforts, as will be afterwards seen, were on a sadly inadequate scale. In April a scanty spring harvest was gathered in; and the Council, acting upon the advice of its Mussulman Minister of Finance, added ten per cent to the land-tax for the ensuing year.

9. But the distress continued to increase at a rate that baffled official calculation. The marvellous and infinitely pathetic silence under suffering which characterises the Bengali at length was broken; and in the second week of May the Central Government awoke to find itself in the midst of universal and irremediable starvation. "The mortality and beggary," they then wrote, "exceed all description. Above one-third of the inhabitants have perished in the once plentiful province of Purneah, and in other parts the misery is equal."

10. The inability of the Government to appreciate the true character of the calamity is rendered more remarkable by the circumstance that at that period the local administration continued in the hands of the former native officers. A Mussulman Minister of State regulated the whole internal Government; native revenue farmers covered the province, prying into every barn, and shrewdly calculating the crop on every field; native judges retained their seats in the rural courts; and native officers still discharged the whole functions of the police.

11. These men knew the country, its capabilities, its average yield, and its average requirements, with an accuracy that the most painstaking English official can seldom hope to attain to. They had a strong interest in representing things to be worse than they were, for the more intense the scarcity, the greater the merit in collecting the land-tax. Every consultation is filled with their apprehensions and highly-coloured accounts of the public distress ; but it does not appear that the conviction entered the minds of the Council, during the previous winter months, that the question was not so much one of revenue as of depopulation.

12. This misconception, strange as it may appear, is susceptible of explanation. From the first appearance of Lower Bengal in history, its inhabitants have been reticent, self-contained, distrustful of foreign observation, in a degree without parallel among other equally civilised nations. The cause of this taciturnity will afterwards be clearly explained ; but no one who is acquainted with either the past experiences or the present condition of the people can be ignorant of its results.

13. Local officials may write alarming reports, but their apprehensions seem to be contradicted by the apparent quiet that prevails. Outward palpable proofs of suffering are often wholly wanting ; and even when, as in 1770, such proofs abound, there is generally no lack of evidence on the other side. The Bengali bears existence with a composure that neither accident nor chance can ruffle. He becomes silently rich or uncomplainingly poor. The emotional part of his nature is in strict subjection ; his resentment enduring, but unspoken ; his gratitude of the sort that silently descends from generation to generation.

14. The passion for privacy reaches its climax in the domestic relations. An outer apartment in even the humblest households is set apart for strangers and the transaction of business, but everything behind it is a mystery. The most intimate friend does not venture to make those commonplace kindly inquiries about a neighbour's wife or daughter which European courtesy demands from mere acquaintances. This family privacy is main-

tained at any price. During the famine of 1866, it was found impossible to render public charity available to the female members of the respectable classes ; and many a rural household starved slowly to death without uttering a complaint or making a sign.

15. All through the stifling summer of 1770, the people went on dying. The husbandmen sold their cattle ; they sold their implements of agriculture ; they devoured their seed-grain ; they sold their sons and daughters till at length no buyer of children could be found ; they ate the leaves of trees and the grass of the fields ; and in June 1770 the Resident at the Durbar affirmed that the living were feeding on the dead. Day and night a torrent of famished and disease-stricken wretches poured into the great cities.

16. At an early period of the year pestilence had broken out. In March we find small-pox at Moorshedabad, where it glided through the Viceregal mutes and cut off the Prince Syfut in his palace. The streets were blocked up with promiscuous heaps of the dying and dead. Interment could not do its work quickly enough ; even the dogs and jackals, the public scavengers of the East, became unable to accomplish their revolting work, and the multitude of mangled and festering corpses at length threatened the existence of the citizens.

17. At the beginning of the famine a young civilian landed in Calcutta who was destined to reach the highest post that a British subject can aspire to in the East. John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, was a man of singular honesty, and one who held in especial disdain the art of colouring or exaggerating. The scenes of 1770 left an impression on his mind that neither an eventful career nor an unusually prolonged period of active life could efface. When in high office he always displayed a peculiar sensitiveness with regard to the premonitory signs of scarcity, and elaborated a system by which he hoped to avert famine. His most historical act was prompted by the effects of the depopulation occasioned by the calamity we are describing ; and nearly forty years afterwards, when many of the later incidents of Eastern service had passed from his remem-

brance, his undying recollections of the horrors of 1770 found expression in verse.

18. It is to be regretted that the only non-official description we possess by an eye-witness is a metrical one ; but it should be remembered that John Shore's poetry adheres as closely to the fact as many men's prose :—

Still fresh in Memory's eye the scene I view,
The shrivelled limbs, sunk eyes, and lifeless hue ;
Still hear the mother's shrieks and infant's moans,
Cries of despair and agonising groans.
In wild confusion dead and dying lie ;—
Hark to the jackal's yell and vulture's cry,
The dog's fell howl, as midst the glare of day
They riot unmolested on their prey !
Dire scenes of horror, which no pen can trace,
Nor rolling years from memory's page efface.

19. Christian humanity and enlightened government have rendered modern statesmen ignorant of the meaning of the words pestilence and famine in their ancient sense. The recent calamity in Bengal has indeed given us a hint as to what the latter term might come to mean ; but even the local officers who saw it at the worst will hardly be prepared for the effects of a famine under the old *régime*. Lest any one should be tempted to consider Shore's verses coloured, or my own pages strained, I copy a description, faithfully drawn from the Mussulman writers, of the calamity that befell Gour several centuries before.

20. As the famine of 1770 stands an appalling spectre on the threshold of British rule in India, so the year in which Bengal was incorporated into the Mogul Empire is marked by disaster from which the Hindu metropolis never recovered. "Thousands died daily," writes the historian of Bengal. "The living, wearied with burying the dead, threw their bodies into the river. This created a stench which only increased the disease. The Governor was carried off by the plague. The city was at once depopulated, and from that day to this it has been abandoned. At the time of its destruction it had existed two thousand years. It was the most magnificent city in India, of immense extent,

and filled with noble buildings. It was the capital of a hundred kings, the seat of wealth and luxury. In one year was it humbled to the dust, and now it is the abode only of tigers and monkeys."

21. In 1770 the rainy season brought relief, and before the end of September the province reaped an abundant harvest. But the relief came too late to avert depopulation. Starving and shelterless crowds crawled despairingly from one deserted village to another, in a vain search for food, or a resting-place in which to hide themselves from the rain. The endemics incident to the season were thus spread over the whole country, and until the close of the year disease continued so prevalent as to form a subject of communication from the Government in Bengal to the Court of Directors. Millions of famished wretches died in the struggle to live through the few intervening weeks that separated them from the harvest, their last gaze being probably fixed on the densely covered fields that would ripen only a little too late for them. "It is scarcely possible," write the Council at the beginning of the September reaping, "that any description could be an exaggeration."

THE GREAT BENGAL FAMINE

PART II

1. THREE months later another bountiful harvest, the great rice crop of the year, was gathered in. Abundance returned to Bengal as suddenly as famine had swooped down upon it; and in reading some of the manuscript records of December it is difficult to realise that the scenes of the preceding ten months have not been hideous phantasmagoria or a long troubled dream. On Christmas Eve the Council in Calcutta wrote home to the Court of Directors that the scarcity had entirely ceased, and, incredible as it may seem, that unusual plenty had returned. "There is already," they added, "a great quantity of grain in this place, and a prospect of much more abundance in a short time." So generous had been the harvest, that the Government proposed at once

to lay in its military stores for the ensuing year, and expected to obtain them "at a very cheap rate."

2. The season of scarcity was indeed past. In 1771 the harvests again proved plentiful; in 1772 they were so superabundant that the land revenue could not be realised, in consequence of the excessively low price of grain; and in 1773, notwithstanding a temporary apprehension for the crops in the northern districts, the earth again yielded unwonted increase, and exportation went on briskly to less favoured provinces.

3. The famine of 1770 was therefore a one year's famine, caused by the general failure of the December harvest in 1769, and intensified by a partial failure of the crops of the previous year and the following spring. In the preceding year, 1768-69, high prices had ruled; but there had been nothing like famine, nor even a deficiency in the crops sufficient to materially affect the rents. On the other hand, the one year of scarcity was followed by three years of extraordinary abundance, and nature exerted herself to the utmost to repair the damage she had done.

4. That she failed to do so, the records of the next thirty years mournfully attest. Plenty had indeed returned, but it had returned to a silent and deserted province. Before the end of May, 1770, one-third of the population was officially calculated to have disappeared; in June the deaths were returned "as six is to sixteen of the whole inhabitants;" and it was estimated that "one-half of the cultivators and payers of revenue will perish with hunger." During the rains (July to October) the depopulation became so evident that the Government wrote to the Court of Directors in alarm about "the number of industrious peasants and manufacturers destroyed by the famine."

5. But it was not till cultivation commenced for the following year (1771), that the practical consequences began to be felt. It was then discovered that the remnant of the population would not suffice to till the land. Packet after packet came home laden with the details of ruin. Indeed, whatever may be the subject of a communication to begin with, it seems irresistibly to slide into the great topic of the

day ; and in one of two letters bearing the same date, and both adverting to the depopulation, the Council plainly avow that there have been "such mortality and desertion among the ryots as deprive the (revenue) farmers of the possibility of receiving the rents in arrear."

6. Notwithstanding the abundant crops of 1771, the country continued to fall out of tillage ; and the Commissioners appointed in 1772 to visit the various districts found the finest part of the province "desolated by famine," "the lands abandoned, and the revenue falling to decay." Two years after the dearth, Warren Hastings wrote an elaborate report on the state of Bengal. He had made a progress through a large portion of the country, instituting the most searching inquiries by the way, and he deliberately states the loss as "at least one-third of the inhabitants."

7. This estimate has been accepted by all official and by the most accurate non-official writers. It represents an aggregate of individual sufferings which no European nation has been called upon to contemplate within historic times. Twenty years after the famine, the remaining population was estimated at from twenty-four to thirty millions ; and we cannot help arriving at the conclusion that the failure of a single crop, following a year of scarcity, had within nine months swept away ten millions of human beings.

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER.

ONE BY ONE

1. ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee.
Learn thou first what these can teach

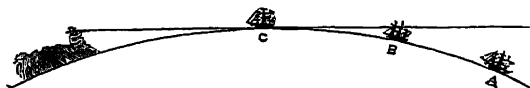
2. One by one bright gifts from heaven,
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily, when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armèd band ;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.
3. Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.
Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
4. Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE ROTUNDITY OF THE EARTH

I. THE spherical form of the earth is the fundamental principle of geography. The proofs of this truth consist in certain remarkable appearances, either of objects upon the surface of the earth, or of the heavenly bodies.

2. Why do towers, vessels, and mountains, when we recede from them, appear to sink below the horizon, commencing with the base? and why, on the contrary, when we approach them, do these objects show first their summits, then their middle, and last of all their bases? These phenomena prove evidently that an apparent plane upon the earth is a curved surface, and that it is the convexity of this surface which conceals from the eye of the spectator upon the beach, the hull of the vessel of which he sees the masts and sails. These things, too, happen uniformly, towards whatever part of the earth we travel, whether towards the east or towards the west, towards the north or towards the south. It is impossible, therefore, to avoid drawing the conclusion that



the whole surface of the earth is on all sides nearly regularly curved; or, in other words, that the earth is a body approaching in figure more or less to a sphere.

3. The same inference is deducible from an observance of the heavens. The *pole-star* is that point in the heavens which, itself immovable, appears to serve as a pivot to the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies. Now if we proceed towards the north we see the pole-star take a position more elevated in the heavens; but if we go towards the south this same star appears to sink. It is, therefore, impossible that the line whose direction we follow can be a straight line traced upon a horizontal plane; it can only be a curve; and as the same change everywhere takes place, it is natural to conclude that the earth has at least a circular form from north to south. The fact that the sun rises sooner to those who dwell towards the east, and gradually later to others in proportion as they are farther west, proves that the earth is equally circular from east to west; for were it flat, the sun would begin to illuminate all parts of its surface at the same instant.

4. Another proof is furnished by the eclipses of the

moon. These eclipses are known to be caused by the earth coming between the sun and the moon, and cutting off the light which illuminates the moon's disk ; the dark part of the moon's disk is, therefore, nothing more than a representation of the earth's shadows at the distance of the moon. Now in whatever position the earth happens to be at the time of an eclipse, its shadow upon the moon's disk is always in the form of a circle or of part of a circle ; the earth must, therefore, be a sphere.

5. The numerous voyages which have been made round the world lead to the same conclusion. Navigators such as Magellan and Drake, sailing from Europe, have pursued a course always towards the west (making only some deviations in order to double the lands which stretch towards the south), and, without quitting this general direction, have returned to the same place whence they set out. Heemskerck, when he wintered at Nova Zembla, confirmed what astronomers had concluded from the spherical figure of the earth, namely, that the days and nights near the poles extend to several months. Finally, Cook, in approaching as near as possible to the southern polar circle, found that the voyage round was always diminished proportionably to the diminution of his distance from the pole ; so that we have thus obtained an ocular proof of the rotundity of the earth towards the south pole as well as towards the north.

6. So many united proofs leave no room for doubts as to the sphericity of our earth. In vain does ignorance demand how the earth can remain suspended in the air without any support. Let us look upon the heavens, and observe how many other globes roll in space. Let us lay aside all uneasiness concerning the *antipodes*, that is, the people on the opposite side of the globe. There is upon the globe neither high nor low ; the antipodes see, as we do, the earth under their feet and the sky over their heads.

MALTE-BRUN.

LABOUR

1. LABOUR is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride o'er Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow !
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !
2. Labour is health ! Lo the husbandman reaping !
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping ;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.
3. Droop not—though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee ;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee ;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee :
Rest not content in thy darkness a clod !
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labour !—all labour is noble and holy ;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.
4. Pause not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us.
Hark ! now Creation's deep musical chorus
Unintermitting goes up into Heaven !
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

5. Labour is life !—'Tis the still water faileth ;
 Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
 Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth ;
 Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
 Labour is glory ! The flying cloud lightens ;
 Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
 Idle hearts only the dark future frightens ;
 Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune !

FRANCES OSGOOD.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

1. IF Fortune, with a smiling face,
 Strew roses on our way,
 When shall we stoop to pick them up ?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But should she frown with face of care,
 And talk of coming sorrow,
 When shall we grieve, if grieve we must ?—
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.
2. If those who have wronged us own their fault,
 And kindly pity pray,
 When shall we listen and forgive ?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But if stern justice urge rebuke,
 And warmth from memory borrow,
 When shall we chide, if chide we dare ?
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.
3. If those to whom we owe a debt
 Are harmed unless we pay,
 When shall we struggle to be just ?—
 To-day, my friend, to-day.
 But if our debtor fail our hope,
 And plead his ruin thorough,
 When shall we weigh his breach of faith ?—
 To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

4. For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay ;—
We have always time to welcome them
To-day, my friend, to-day.
But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,
Come far too soon, if they appear
To-morrow, friend, to-morrow.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS

1. ANIMALS in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver show the greatest signs of this when united ; but when man intrudes into their communities they lose their spirit of industry, and testify to but a very small share of that sagacity for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

2. Among insects the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist ; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

3. Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked the spider is the most sagacious ; and its actions, to me who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon its own species. For this state nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect ; and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster ; and their

vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

4. Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

5. Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished ; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly ; then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens ; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

6. In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread transversely, fixing one end to the first that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch ; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the threads sometimes six-fold.

7. Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal ; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one

corner of my room making its web ; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction ; and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

8. In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed ; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed



its round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour.

9. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in his hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from

his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned ; and when he found all arts in vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle ; and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

10. Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped ; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner it was seized and dragged into the hole.

11. In this manner it lived in a precarious state ; and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net ; but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net, but those it seems were irreparable ; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

12. I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish ; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time ; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently

near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

13. Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days ; and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them ; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose : the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

14. To complete this description, it may be observed that the male spiders are much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

15. As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall to with good appetites ; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer ; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TWO ROADS

1. It was New-Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eyes towards the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating, like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved toward their certain goal—the tomb.

2. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort.

3. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads—one leading into a peaceful, sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft sweet songs; the *other* leading the wanderer into a deep, dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

4. He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony: "O youth, return! O my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way!" But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away.

5. He saw wandering lights floating away over dark marshes and then disappear. *These* were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck home to his heart. Then he remembered his early companions who entered on life with him, but who, having trod the paths of virtue and of labour, were now honoured and happy on this New-Year's night.

6. The clock in the high church-tower struck, and the sound, falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look toward that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened

eyes dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud : "Come back, my early days, come back !"

7. And his youth *did* return ; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New-Year's night. He was still young : his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own ; that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land where sunny harvests wave.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

1. I WOULD not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense
(Yet wanting sensibility), the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
2. The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die :
A necessary act incurs no blame.
3. Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field.
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she formed, designed them an abode.
4. The sum is this : if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs :
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.

5. Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonoured, and defiled in most
By budding ills that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth
Than cruelty, most fiendish of them all.
6. Mercy, to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn!

COWPER.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

PART I

1. ONCE upon a time there lived a very rich man, and a king besides, whose name was Midas; and he had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I choose to call her Marygold.

2. This King Midas was fonder of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was composed of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily round her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man! that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to bequeath her the largest pile of yellow glistening coins that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If he ever happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold, and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong-box. When little Marygold ran to meet

him with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look they would be worth the plucking!"

3. And yet in his earlier days, before he was so entirely possessed with this insane desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden



KING MIDAS

in which grew the biggest, the most beautiful, and the sweetest roses that any mortal ever saw or smelt. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant as when Midas used to pass whole hours in gazing at them and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to calculate how much the garden would be worth if each of the innumer-

able rose-petals were a thin plate of gold. And though he once was fond of music (in spite of an idle story about his ears, which were said to resemble those of an ass), the only music for poor Midas now was the clink of one coin against another.

4. At length (as people always grow more and more foolish, unless they take care to grow wiser and wiser) Midas had got to be so exceedingly unreasonable that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large portion of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, under ground, at the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dismal hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy. Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag stuffed with gold coins, or a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold-dust, and bring them from the obscure corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the dungeon-like window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he reckon over the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold-dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face, as reflected in the burnished circumference of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

5. Midas called himself a happy man, but felt that he was not yet so happy as he might be. The very summit of enjoyment would never be reached unless the whole world were to become his treasure-room, and be filled with yellow metal which should be all his own.

6. Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day, as usual, when he perceived a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and looking suddenly up, he beheld the figure of a stranger standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man, with a cheerful and ruddy face. Whether it was that the imagination of King Midas threw a yellow tinge over everything, or whatever the cause

might be, he could not help fancying that the smile with which the stranger regarded him had a kind of golden brightness in it. Certainly, although his figure intercepted the sunshine, there was now a brighter gleam upon all the piled-up treasures than before. Even the remotest corners had their share of it, and were lighted up, when the stranger smiled, as with tips of flame and sparks of fire.

7. As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock, and that no mortal strength could possibly break into his treasure-room, he, of course, concluded that his visitor must be something more than mortal. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's aspect, indeed, was so good-humoured and kindly, if not beneficent, that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more probable that he came to do Midas a favour. And what could that favour be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

8. The stranger gazed about the room; and when his lustrous smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he observed. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have contrived to pile up in this room."

9. "I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas in a slightly discontented tone. "But, after all, it is but a trifle when you consider that it has taken me my whole lifetime to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, one might have time to grow rich!"

10. "What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?"

Midas shook his head.

"And pray what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "Merely for the curiosity of the thing, I should be glad to know."

11. Midas paused and meditated. He felt sure that this stranger, with such a golden lustre in his good-humoured smile, had come hither with both the power and the purpose of gratifying his utmost wishes. Now, there-

fore, was the fortunate moment, when he had but to speak, and obtain whatever possible or seemingly impossible thing it might come into his head to ask. So he thought, and thought, and thought, and heaped up one golden mountain upon another in his imagination, without being able to imagine them big enough. At last a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

12. Raising his head, he looked the lustrous stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas; "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so diminutive after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold!"

13. The stranger's smile grew so bright and radiant that it seemed to fill the room like an outburst of the sun gleaming into a shadowy dell, where the yellow autumnal leaves—for so looked the lumps and particles of gold—lie strewn in the glow of light.

14. "The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking out so brilliant a fancy. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And you will never regret the possession of it?"

"What could induce me?" asked Midas. "I ask nothing else to render me perfectly happy."

15. "Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in token of farewell. "To-morrow at sunrise you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas involuntarily closed his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in hoarding up.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

PART II

1. WHETHER Midas slept as usual that night the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably in the state of a child's to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills, when King Midas was broad awake, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was grievously disappointed to perceive that they remained of exactly the same substance as before. Indeed he felt very much afraid that he had only dreamed about the lustrous stranger, or else that the latter had purposely deceived him. And what a miserable affair would it be if, after all his hopes, Midas must content himself with what little gold he could scrape together by ordinary means instead of creating it by a touch!

2. All this while it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very sad and disappointed mood, regretting the downfall of his hopes, and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was reflected in rather a singular way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, what was his astonishment and delight when he found that this linen fabric had been transmuted to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

3. Midas started up in a kind of joyful frenzy, and ran about the room grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became

immediately a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, in order to admit a clear spectacle of the wonders which he was performing, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his first touch it assumed the appearance of a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume; but on running his fingers through the leaves, behold! it was a bundle of thin gold plates, in which all the wisdom of the book had grown illegible. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was enraptured to see himself in a magnificent suit of gold cloth, which retained its flexibility and softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. He drew out his handkerchief which little Marygold hemmed for him. That was likewise gold, with the dear child's neat and pretty stitches running all along the border in gold thread!

4. Somehow or other, this last transformation did not quite please King Midas. He would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained just the same as when she had climbed his knee and put it into his hand.

5. But it was not worth while to vex himself about a trifle. Midas now took his spectacles from his pocket and put them on his nose, in order that he might see more distinctly what he was about. In those days spectacles for common people had not been invented, but were already worn by kings; else, how could Midas have had any? To his great perplexity, however, excellent as the glasses were, he discovered that he could not possibly see through them. But this was the most natural thing in the world; for on taking them off the transparent crystals turned out to be plates of yellow metal, and, of course, were worthless as spectacles, though valuable as gold. It struck Midas as rather inconvenient that, with all his wealth, he could never again be rich enough to own a pair of serviceable spectacles.

6. "It is no great matter, nevertheless," said he to himself, very philosophically. "We cannot expect any great good without its being accompanied with some small inconvenience. The Golden Touch is worth the sacrifice of

a pair of spectacles at least, if not of one's very eyesight. My own eyes will serve for ordinary purposes, and little Marygold will soon be old enough to read to me."

7. Wise King Midas was so exalted by his good fortune that the palace seemed not sufficiently spacious to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and smiled on observing that the balustrade of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold as his hand passed over it in his descent. He lifted the door-latch (it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers quitted it), and emerged into the garden. Here, as it happened, he found a great number of beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom. Very delicious was their fragrance in the morning breeze. Their delicate blush was one of the fairest sights in the world—so gentle, so modest, and so full of sweet soothing did these roses seem to be.

8. But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before: So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and exercised his magic touch most untiringly, until every individual flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed King Midas was summoned to breakfast; and, as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

9. What was usually a king's breakfast in the days of Midas I really do not know, and cannot now stop to investigate. To the best of my knowledge, however, on this particular morning the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee, for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold.

10. Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at table, awaited the child's coming in order to begin his own breakfast. To do Midas justice, he really loved his daughter, and loved her so much the more this morning on account of the good fortune which had befallen him.

It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage crying bitterly. This circumstance surprised him, because Marygold was one of the most cheerful little people whom you would see in a summer's day, and hardly shed a tear in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs he determined to put little Marygold into better spirits by an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl (which was a china one, with pretty figures all around it), and changed it into gleaming gold.

11. Meanwhile Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

12. "How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed into gold.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear father," answered the child between her sobs, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But oh, dear, dear me! what do you think has happened? Such a sad thing! All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweetly and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoilt! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter with them?"

"Pooh, my dear little girl, pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had wrought the change which so greatly afflicted her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk. You will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that, which will last hundreds of years, for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day."

13. "I don't care for such roses as this!" cried Marygold,

tossing it contemptuously away. "It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!"

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change in her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better; for Marygold was accustomed to take pleasure in looking at the queer figures and strange trees and houses that were painted on the outside of the bowl, and those ornaments were now entirely lost in the yellow hue of the metal.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

PART III

1. MIDAS, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffee-pot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He thought to himself that it was rather an extravagant style of splendour, in a king of his simple habits, to breakfast off a service of gold, and began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a secure place of deposit for articles so valuable as golden bowls and golden coffee-pots.

2. Amid these thoughts he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and sipping it, was astonished to perceive that—the instant his lips touched the liquid—it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump!

"Ho!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast.

"What is the matter, father?" asked little Marygold gazing at him, with the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child, nothing!" said Midas. "Have your milk before it gets quite cold."

3. He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror it was immediately changed from a brook trout into a goldfish, and looked as if it had been very cunningly made by the nicest goldsmith in the world. Its little bones were now golden

wires; its fins and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it, and all the delicate frothy appearance of a nicely fried fish exactly imitated in metal.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

4. He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it when, to his cruel mortification, though a moment before it had been of the whitest wheat, it assumed a yellow hue. Its solidity and increased weight made him too bitterly sensible that it was gold. Almost in despair he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to that of the trout and the cake.

5. "Well, this is terrible," thought he, leaning back in his chair and looking quite enviously at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing that can be eaten!"

6. Hoping that by dint of great despatch he might avoid what he now felt to be a considerable inconvenience, King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burnt his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance and stamp about the room, with both pain and affright.

7. "Father, dear father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child, "pray what is the matter? Have you burnt your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas dolefully, "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

8. And, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was literally the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it absolutely good for nothing. The poorest labourer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose delicate food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was excessively hungry.

Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how ravenous would be his appetite for supper, which must undoubtedly consist of the same sort of indigestible dishes as those now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive a continuance of this rich fare?

9. These reflections so troubled wise King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So fascinated was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so paltry a consideration as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal's victuals! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money (and as many millions more as would take for ever to reckon up) for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be much too dear," thought Midas.

10. Nevertheless, so great was his hunger and the perplexity of his situation that he again groaned aloud, and very grievously too. Our pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father, and trying, with all the might of her little wits, to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful impulse to comfort him, she started from her chair, and running to Midas, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

11. Alas! what had he done? How fatal was the gift which the stranger bestowed! The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead a change had taken place. Her sweet rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, assumed a glittering yellow colour, with yellow tear-drops congealing on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and inflexible within her father's encircling arms. Oh terrible misfortune! The victim of his insatiable de-

sire for wealth, little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

12. Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features and tokens of Marygold were there; even



A HUMAN CHILD NO LONGER

the beloved little dimple remained in her golden chin. But the more perfect was the resemblance the greater was the father's agony at beholding this golden image, which was all that was left him of a daughter. It had been a favourite phrase of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her

weight in gold. And now the phrase had become literally true. And now at last, when it was too late, he felt how infinitely a warm and tender heart, that loved him, exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt the earth and sky !

13. It would be too sad a story if I were to tell you how Midas, in the fulness of all his gratified desires, began to wring his hands and bemoan himself ; and how he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her. Except when his eyes were fixed on the image, he could not possibly believe that she was changed to gold. But, stealing another glance, there was the precious little figure, with a yellow tear-drop on its yellow cheek, and a look so piteous and tender that it seemed as if that very expression must needs soften the gold, and make it flesh again. This, however, could not be. So Midas had only to wring his hands, and to wish that he were the poorest man in the wide world, if the loss of all his wealth might bring back the faintest rose-colour to his dear child's face.

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

PART IV

1. WHILE he was in this tumult of despair he suddenly beheld a stranger standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking, for he recognised the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the treasure-room, and had bestowed on him this disastrous power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's countenance still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow lustre all about the room, and gleamed on little Marygold's image, and on the other objects that had been transmuted by the touch of Midas.

2. "Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable! indeed!" exclaimed the stranger; "and how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

3. "Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" observed the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the most,—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear cold water?"

"Oh, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas; "it will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"O my child, my dear child!" cried poor King Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

4. "You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking seriously at him. "Your own heart, I perceive, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be desperate. But you appear to be still capable of understanding that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Tell me, now, do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

5. A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly repair the mischief which your avarice has occasioned."

King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head the lustrous stranger had vanished.

6. You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a great earthen pitcher (but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it) and hastening to the river-side. As he ran along, and forced his way through the shrubbery, it was positively marvellous to see how the foliage turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" gasped King Midas, as his head emerged out of the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

7. As he dipped the pitcher into the water it gladdened his very heart to see it change from gold into the same good honest earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He was conscious, also, of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. No doubt his heart had been gradually losing its human substance, and changing itself into insensible metal, but had now softened back again into flesh. Perceiving a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its purple hue, instead of undergoing a yellow blight. The curse of the Golden Touch had therefore really been removed from him.

8. King Midas hastened back to the palace, and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when

they saw their royal master so carefully bringing home an earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of molten gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to sprinkle it by handfuls over the golden figure of little Marygold.

9. No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy colour came back to the dear child's cheek ! and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still throwing more water over her !

"Pray do not, dear father !" cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock, which I put on only this morning !"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue ; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

10. Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose he led little Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rose-bushes, and with such good effect that above five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two circumstances, however, which, as long as he lived, used to remind King Midas of the Golden Touch. One was, that the sands of the river in which he had bathed sparkled like gold ; the other, that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never observed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. The change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

11. When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to take Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvellous story, pretty much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their

glossy ringlets, and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold, which they had inherited from their mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

THE HERITAGE

1. THE rich man's son inherits land,
And piles of brick and stone and gold ;
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
2. The rich man's son inherits cares :
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.
3. The rich man's son inherits wants :
His stomach craves for dainty fare ;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce could wish to hold in fee.
4. What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;

- King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
5. What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in its labour sings ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
6. What doth the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned of being poor ;
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it ;
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.
7. O rich man's son ! there is a toil
That with all others level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands.
This is the best crop from thy lands ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.
8. O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great.
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;—
A heritage, it seems to me.
Worth being poor to hold in fee.
9. Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both, children of the same dear God,

Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past ;—
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE EYE

PART I

I. It is one of the prerogatives of man to have eyes. Many living creatures have none. The eyes which others—for example, the star-fishes—have are mere sensitive points, dimly conscious of light and darkness, but not perceiving colours or distinguishing forms. The eyes of flies are hard, horny lanterns which cannot be moved about like our restless eyes, but look always in the same direction ; whilst spiders, having many more things to look after than one pair of such lanterns will suffice for, have eyes stuck all over their heads, and can watch a trapped gnat with one eye, and peer through a hole in their webs with another. We are much better provided for than any of these creatures, although we have but two small orbs to see with. Think first how beautiful the human eye is, excelling in beauty the eye of every creature ! The eyes of many of the lower animals are doubtless very beautiful. You must have admired the bold, fierce, bright eye of the eagle, the large gentle brown eye of the ox, the treacherous green eye of the cat, waxing and waning like the moon, as the sun shines upon it or deserts it ; the pert eye of the sparrow, the sly eye of the fox, the peering little bead of black enamel in the mouse's head, the gem-like eye which redeems the toad from ugliness ; and the intelligent, affectionate expression which looks out from the human-like eye of the horse and the dog. There are these and the eyes of many other animals full of beauty ; there are none, indeed, which are not beautiful ; but there is a glory which excelleth in the eye of man. We realise this fully only when we gaze into the faces of those we love. It is their eyes we look at when

we are near them, and recall when we are far away. The face is a blank without the eye ; and the eye seems to concentrate every feature in itself. It is the eye that smiles, not the lips ; it is the eye that listens, not the ear ; it that frowns, not the brow ; it that mourns, not the voice. Every sense and every faculty seems to flow towards it, and find expression through it, nay, to be lost in it ; for all must at times have felt as if the eye of another was not his, but he ; as if it had not merely a life, but also a personality of its own ; as if it was not only a living thing, but also a thinking being.

2. But apart from the source of beauty, in which man's eye must excel that of all other creatures, as much as his spirit excels in endowments theirs, it is in itself, even when life has departed from it and the soul no longer looks through its window, a beautiful and a very wonderful thing. Its beauty is, perhaps, most apparent in the eye of an infant, which, if you please, we shall suppose not dead, but only asleep with its eyes wide open. How large and round they are ; how pure and pearly the white is, with but one blue vein or two marbling its surface ; how beautiful the rainbow ring, opening its mottled circle wide to the light ! How sharply defined the pupil, so black and yet so clear that you look into it as into some deep dark well, and see a little face look back at you, which you forget is your own, whilst you rejoice that the days are not yet come for those infant eyes when "they that look out of the windows shall be darkened !" And then the soft pink curtains which we call eyelids, with their long silken fringes of eyelashes, and the unshed tears bathing and brightening all ! How exquisite the whole ! How precious in the sight of God must those little orbs be, when He has bestowed upon them so much beauty !

3. But apart altogether from that beauty which delights the painter, the human eye is a wondrous construction. Let us glance for a moment at its wonderfulness. It is essentially a hollow globe, or small spherical chamber. There is no human chamber like it in form, unless we include among human dwelling-places the great hollow balls

which surmount the cathedral or basilica domes of St. Peter and St. Paul. The eye is such a ball ; the larger part of it, which we do not see when we look in each other's faces, forms the white of the eye, and consists of a strong, thick, tough membrane, something like parchment, but more pliable. This forms the outer wall, as it were, of the chamber of the eye ; it may be compared to the cup of an acorn, or to a still more familiar thing, an egg-cup, or to a round wine-glass with a narrow stem. It is strong, so that it cannot easily be injured ; thick, so that light cannot pass through it ; and round, so that it can be moved about in every direction, and let us see much better on all sides with a single pair of eyes than the spider can with its host of them.

4. In the front of the eyes is a clear transparent window exactly like the glass of a watch. If you look at a face sideways, you see it projecting with a bent surface like a bow-window, and may observe its perfect transparency. The eyelids, which I have formerly spoken of as a curtain, may perhaps be better compared to a pair of outside shutters for this window, which are put up when we go to sleep and taken down when we awake. But these shutters are not useless or merely ornamental through the day. Every moment they are rising and falling, or, as we say, winking. We do this so unceasingly that we forget that we do it at all ; but the object of this unconscious winking is a very important one. An outside window soon gets soiled and dirty, and a careful shopkeeper cleans his windows every morning. But our eye-windows must never have so much as a speck or spot upon them, and the winking eyelid is the busy apprentice who, not once a day, but all the day keeps the living glass clean ; so that, after all, we are little worse off than the fishes, who bathe their eyes and wash their faces every moment.

5. Behind this ever-clean window, and at some distance from it, hangs that beautiful circular curtain which forms the coloured part of the eye, and in the centre of which is the pupil. It is named the Iris, which is only another name for the Rainbow ; for though we speak of eyes as simply

blue, or gray, or black, because they have one prevailing tint, we cannot fail to notice that the ring of the eye is always variously mottled, and flecked or streaked with colours as the rainbow is. This rainbow-curtain, or iris, answers the same purpose which a Venetian blind does. Like it, it can be opened and closed at intervals, and like it, it never is closed altogether; but it is a far more wonderful piece of mechanism than a Venetian blind, and it opens and closes in a different way.

6. There is nothing this iris so much resembles, both in shape and in mode of action, as that much-loved flower the daisy. The same signifies literally Day's-eye: the flower which opens its eye to the day, or when the day dawns.

7. The daisy and the iris agree in this, that their opening and closing are determined by their exposure to light or darkness; but they differ in this, that the daisy opens widest when the sun is at its height and shuts altogether when the sun goes down, whilst the iris opens widest in utter darkness and closes so as to make the pupil a mere black point when sunshine falls upon it.

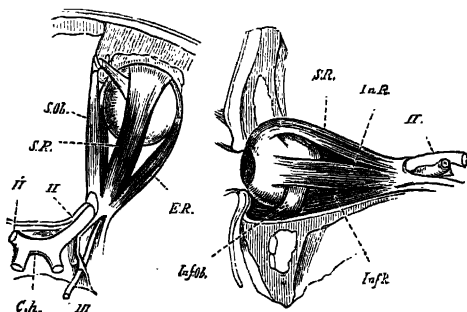
8. If we wish to observe this in our own eyes we need only close them for a little while before a looking-glass, so that the dropped eyelids may shut out the day, when, like shy night-birds, the living circles will stretch outward, and the pupil of the eye, like a hole which the sun is melting in the ice, will quickly widen into a deep clear pool. If now we open our eyes we see the rainbow-rings contract as the light falls upon them, and the dark pupil rapidly narrow, like the well-head of a spring almost sealed by the frost. But probably all have seen the movement I am describing in the eyes of a cat, where the change is more conspicuous than in our own eyes, and have noticed the broad iris spread out in the twilight till the look, usually so suspicious, softened into a mild glance; whilst, when Pussy is basking in the sun, as she dearly loves to do, she shows between her frequent winkings only a narrow slit for a pupil, like the chink of a shutter or the space between the spars of a lattice-blind.

THE EYE

PART II

1. THE endless motions of the living curtain, which, like the unresting sea, is ever changing its aspect, have for their object the regulation of the flow of light into the eye. When the permitted number of rays have passed through the guarded entrance, or pupil, they traverse certain crystal-like structures, which are now to be described.

2. Behind the iris is a lens, as opticians call it, or magnifying-glass. We are most familiar with this portion of the eye as it occurs in fishes, looking in the recently-caught creature like a small ball of glass, and changing



A, the muscles of the right eyeball viewed from above, and B of the left eyeball viewed from the outer side; *S.R.* the superior rectus; *Inf.R.* the inferior rectus; *E.R.* the external rectus; *In.R.* the internal rectus; *S.Ob.* the superior oblique; *Inf.Ob.* the inferior oblique; *Ch.* the chiasma of the optic nerves (*II.*); *III.* the third nerve which supplies all the muscles except the superior oblique and the external rectus.

into what resembles a ball of chalk when the fish is boiled. This lens is enclosed in a transparent covering, which is so united at its edges to the walls of the eye that it stretches like a piece of crystal between them; and in front of it, filling the space dividing the lens from the watch-glass-like window, is a clear transparent liquid like water, in which the iris floats. The lens is, further, set like the jewel-stone of a ring in what looks, when seen detached, like a larger sphere of crystal, but which in reality is a translucent

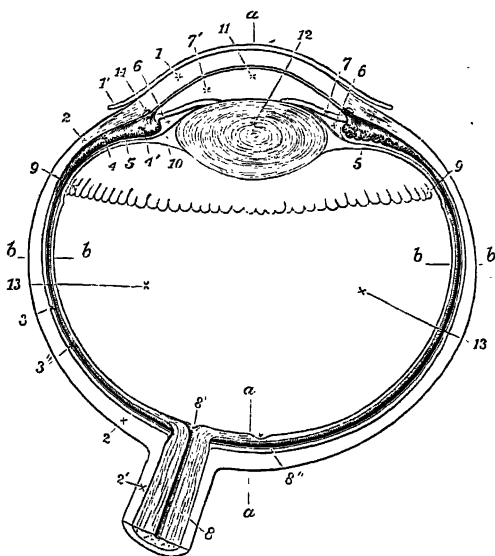
liquid contained in an equally translucent membrane, so that the greater part of the eye is occupied with fluid ; and the chamber, after all, which it most resembles is that of a diving-bell full of water. Lastly, all the black part of the eye has spread over its inside surface, first a fine white membrane, resembling cambric or tissue-paper, and behind that a dark curtain ; so that it resembles a room with black cloth hung next to the wall, and a white muslin curtain spread over the cloth. This curtain or Retina, seen alone, is like a flower-cup, such as that of a white lily, and like it ends in a stem, which anatomists name the Optic Nerve ; the stem in its turn, after passing through the black curtain, is planted in the brain, and is in living connection with it.

3. Altogether, then, our eye is a chamber shaped like a globe, having one large window provided with shutters outside, and with a self-adjusting blind within. Otherwise it is filled with a glassy liquid, and has two wall-papers, or curtains, one white and the other black.

4. How small this eye-chamber is, we all know ; but it is large enough. A single tent sufficed to lodge Napoleon ; and Nelson guided the fleets of England from one little cabin. And so it is with the eye : it is set apart for the reception of one guest, whose name is Light, but also Legion ; and as the privileged entrant counsels, the great arm and limbs of the body are set in motion.

5. Within our eyes, at every instant, a picture of the outer world is painted by the pencil of the Sun on the white curtain at the back of the eye ; and when it has impressed us for a moment the black curtain absorbs and blots out the picture, and the sun paints a new one, which in its turn is blotted out, and so the process proceeds all the day long. What a strange thing this is ! We speak of seeing things held before our eyes, as if the things themselves pressed in upon us, and thrust themselves into the presence of our spirits. But it is not so ; you no more, any one of you, see my face at this moment than you ever saw your own. You have looked betimes into a mirror, and seen a something, beautiful or otherwise, which you have regarded as your face. Yet it was but the reflection from

a piece of glass you saw ; and whether the glass dealt fairly with you or not, you cannot tell ; but this is certain—your own face you never beheld. And as little do you see mine : some hundred portraits of me, no two the same, are at this moment hanging, one on the back wall of each of your eye-



HORIZONTAL SECTION OF THE EYEBALL.

1, cornea ; 1', conjunctiva ; 2, sclerotic ; 2', sheath of optic nerve ; 3, choroid ; 3', rods and cones of the retina ; 4, ciliary muscle ; 4', circular portion of ciliary muscle ; 5, ciliary process ; 6, posterior chamber between ; 7, the iris and the suspensory ligament ; 7', anterior chamber ; 8, artery of retina in the centre of the optic nerve ; 8', centre of blind spot ; 8'', macula lutea ; 9, ora serrata (this is of course not seen in a section such as this, but is introduced to show its position) ; 10, space behind the suspensory ligament (canal of Petit) ; 12, crystalline lens ; 13, vitreous humour ; 14, marks the position of the ciliary ligament ; *a*, optic axis (in the actual eye of which this is an exact copy, the yellow spot happened, curiously enough, not to be in the optic axis) ; *b*, line of equator of the eyeball.

chambers. It is these portraits you see, not me ; and I see none of you, but only certain likenesses, two for each of you, a right eye portrait and a left eye portrait, both very hasty and withal inaccurate sketches. And so it is with the whole visible world. It is far off from us when it seems nearest. Darkness abolishes it altogether. The mid-day

sun but interprets it ; and we know it not in the original, but only in translation.

6. Face to face we shall never meet this visible world, or gaze eye to eye upon it. We know only its picture, and cannot tell whether that is faithful or not ; but it cannot be altogether faithless, and we must accept it, as we do the transmitted portraits of relatives we have never seen or the sculptured heads of men who died ages before us. On those we gaze, not distrusting them, yet not altogether confiding in them ; and we must treat the outward world in the same way.

7. Such is a very imperfect description of that first great inlet of knowledge, the Eye ; to cultivate its powers, so that it shall be the entrance-gate of the largest possible amount of instruction and delight, is one of the great ends of all education. And to encourage us in our work, we have the certainty that the human eye, as it excels that of every other animal in beauty, does so also in power. The eyes of many of the lower animals are in themselves, perhaps, as susceptible of education as our eyes are ; and in certain respects they are more wonderful. A shark can see in the depths of the ocean, where we, even if supplied with air, could not see at all ; a cat can see better in the dark than we can ; and a hawk can see a great deal farther. But two round bits of glass and a pasteboard tube give us greatly the advantage of the longest-sighted hawk ; we need not envy the cat, for a candle will put its eyes at a discount ; and when we have occasion to invade the domains of the shark, we can carry an artificial daylight with us, and see better than he, though aided by the splendid mirrors at the back of his eyes.

8. The human eye is no doubt remarkable for the slowness with which it acquires its powers ; but then the powers it does acquire far transcend those acquired by the eyes of the lower animals. A kitten, for example, sees in a month as well as it ever does ; and a chicken half out of the shell will catch a fly as deftly as the mother hen can. Look, on the other hand, at a baby. It gazes about it with wondering, uncertain eyes ; stares at a candle, and plainly does not

know what to make of it; and is in a dreamlike though complacent perplexity about all things. Cases, too, have occurred of persons who were born blind acquiring the use of their eyes in mature life, and they have recorded how strange everything seemed, and how long it took them to realise what vision truly was.

9. The eye, then, was intended by its Maker to be educated, and to be educated *slowly*: but if educated fully its powers are almost boundless. It is assuredly then a thing to be profoundly regretted that not one man in a thousand develops the hidden capacities of his organ of vision, as regards either its utilitarian or its æsthetic applications. The great majority of mankind do not and cannot see one fraction of what they were intended to see. The proverb that "None are so blind as those that will not see" is true of physical as of moral vision. By neglect and carelessness we have made ourselves unable to discern hundreds of things which are before us to be seen.

10. Thomas Carlyle has summed this up in the one pregnant sentence, "The eye sees what it brings the power to see." How true this is! The sailor on the look-out can see a ship where the landsman sees nothing; the Esquimaux can discover a white fox amidst the white snow; the American backwoodsman will fire a rifle-ball so as to strike a nut out of the mouth of a squirrel without hurting it; the Red Indian boys hold their hands up as marks to each other, certain that the unerring arrow will be shot between the spread-out fingers; the astronomer can see a star in the sky where to others the blue expanse is unbroken; the shepherd can distinguish the face of every sheep in the flock; the mosaic worker can detect distinctions of colour where others see none; and multitudes of additional examples might be given of what education does for the eye.

11. Now we may not be called upon to hunt white foxes in the snow; or like William Tell, to save our own life and our child's by splitting with an arrow an apple on its head; or to identify a stolen sheep by looking in its face, and swearing to its portrait; but we must do every day many things essential to our welfare, which we would do a great

deal better if we had an eye as trained as we readily might have. For example, it is not every man that can hit a nail upon the head, or drive it straight in with the hammer. Very few persons can draw a straight line, or cut a piece of cloth or paper even; still fewer can use a pencil as draughtsmen, and fewer still can paint with colours. Yet assuredly there is no calling in which an educated eye, nice in distinguishing form, colour, size, distance, and the like, will not be of inestimable service. For although it is not to be denied that some eyes can be educated to a much greater extent than others, that can be no excuse for any one neglecting to educate his eye. The worse it is, the more it needs education; the better it is, the more it will repay it.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

THE GULF STREAM

1. BESIDES the tides, the sea has other motions of great regularity, called currents. The principal of these is the notable Gulf Stream, a strong and rapid river, as we may say, in the sea, whose banks are almost as well defined as if they were formed of the solid earth, instead of the same fickle fluid as the torrent itself. It first becomes appreciable on the western coast of Florida, gently flowing southward until it reaches the Tortugas, when it bends its course easterly and runs along the Florida Reef, increasing in force till it rushes, with amazing rapidity, through the confined limits of the Strait of Florida, and pours a vast volume of tepid water into the cold bosom of the Atlantic.

2. Here, unrestrained, it of course widens its bounds and slackens its speed, though such is its impetus that it may be distinctly perceived even as far as the great bank of Newfoundland. Nor is its strength then spent; for many curious facts warrant us in concluding that even to the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, and down the shores of western Europe, this mighty marine river continues to roll its wonderful waters. The temperature of this current is much higher than that of the surrounding water, and this is

so uniformly the case that an entrance into it is immediately marked by a sudden rise of the thermometer. Another unfailing token of its presence is the Gulf-weed, which floats in large fields, or more frequently in long yellow strings, in the direction of the wind, upon its surface. The cause of this vast and important current seems to be the daily rotation of the earth.

3. If we turn a glass of water quickly upon its axis, we shall perceive that the glass itself revolves, but that the particles of water remain nearly stationary, owing to the slightness of their cohesion to the glass. To a very minute insect attached to the vessel, it would seem that the water was rushing round in an opposite direction, while the glass remained stationary. Now the earth is whirled round with great rapidity from west to east, and the greatest amount of this rapidity is of course at the equatorial regions, being the part most remote from the axis ; but the particles of water, for the same reason as those in the glass, to a certain extent resist the influence of this rotation, and appear to assume a motion in the opposite direction, from east to west. With respect to all the phenomena to be explained, this apparent motion is exactly the same as if it were real, and we shall consider it so. Now examine a globe, or a map of the Atlantic, and you will see that this westerly "set" of the equatorial waters, meeting the coast of South America, is slightly turned through the Caribbean Sea until it strikes the coast of Mexico, which, like an impregnable rampart, opposes its progress.

4. The stream, impelled by the waves behind, must have an outlet, and the form of the shore drives it round the northern side of the Gulf of Mexico, until it is again bent by the peninsula of Florida. But here the long island of Cuba meets its southerly course, and, like the hunted deer, headed at every turn, the whole of the broad tide that entered the Gulf, now pent up within the compass of a few leagues, rushes with vast impetus through the only outlet that is opened, between Florida and the Bahamas. It is as if we propelled with swiftness against the air a wide funnel, the mouth being outwards, the tube of which was

long and tortuous, and which terminated at length nearly at right angles to the mouth. It is easy to imagine that a strong current of air would issue from the tube, exactly as the waters of the Gulf Stream do from their narrow gorge.

5. The waters of the Pacific have the same westerly flow, but its force is broken, without being turned, by the vast assemblage of islands which constitute the Eastern Archipelago; it may, however, be recognised in the Indian Ocean, and when bent southward by the African coast, and confined by the island of Madagascar, it forms a current of considerable force, which rounds the Cape of Good Hope and merges into the Atlantic. Besides these there are other more local currents which are not so easily explained, such as that which constantly flows out of the Baltic, and that which flows into the Mediterranean.

6. In each of these cases, while the main current occupies the middle of the channel, there is a subordinate current on each side close to the shore, which sets in the opposite direction. As in the case of the tides, it is obvious how serviceable these motions of the sea often are in aiding navigation, particularly as they are most strong and regular in latitudes where calms often prevail.

7. But we, who inhabit Western Europe, derive a much more obvious advantage from this great marine river, in our mild and equable climate. If we compare the Atlantic coast of North America and of Europe in this respect, we shall better appreciate this advantage. St. John's, in Newfoundland, is nearly on the same parallel of latitude as Vannes, on the shore of the Bay of Biscay; but its climate is that of Norway. The coast of Labrador lies immediately opposite to Ireland; but its climate is about the same as that of Lapland.

8. On the other hand, the nearest resemblance to an English climate on the American side of the Atlantic—at least so far as the mildness of the winters is concerned, for the summers are hotter—must be sought in Alabama and Florida, which correspond in latitude to the north of Africa. It has been ascertained that the American climate is the rule, the European the exception. What, then, is the

exceptional agency which blesses us with a climate whose geniality would equal ten or twelve degrees of latitude?

9. It is none other than the Gulf Stream. This is in fact a vast hot-water apparatus, heated in the tropics and then poured along the shores of Europe, bringing with it superincumbent strata of warm air. This air, too, is diffused on our shores, rather than those of America, by prevalence of south and south-west winds, which, blowing in gusty gales, characterise the North Atlantic. The influence of these winds is perceptible even as far eastward as the borders of Russia; but it is much more powerful in the maritime parts, where the warm water is constantly maintaining the elevated temperature of the air.

P. H. GOSSE.

THE MAN OF BUSINESS

1. THE essential qualities for a man of business are of a moral nature; these are to be cultivated first. He must learn betimes to love truth. The same love of truth will be found a potent charm to bear him safely through the world's entanglements—I mean safely in the most worldly sense. Besides, the love of truth not only makes a man act with more simplicity, and therefore with less chance of error, but it conduces to the highest intellectual development.

2. The following passage in *The Statesman* gives the reason: "The correspondences of wisdom and goodness are manifold; and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because man's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Questions of right and wrong are a perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the right and wrong of what they do and see; and a deep interest of the heart in these questions carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding than can be easily effected by any other excitement to intellectual activity."

3. What has just been said of the love of truth applies also to other moral qualities. Thus charity enlightens the

understanding quite as much as it purifies the heart. And indeed knowledge is not more girt about with power than goodness is with wisdom.

4. The next thing in the training of one who is to become a man of business will be for him to form principles ; for without these, when thrown on the sea of action, he will be without rudder and compass. They are the best results of study. Whether it is history, or political economy, or ethics, that he is studying, these principles are to be the reward of his labour. A principle resembles a law in the physical world, though it can seldom have certainty, as the facts which it has to explain and embrace do not admit of being weighed or numbered with the same exactness as material things. The principles which our student adopts at first may be unsound, may be insufficient, but he must not neglect to form some, and must only nourish a love of truth that will not allow him to hold any the moment that he finds them to be erroneous.

5. Much depends upon the temperament of a man of business. It should be hopeful, that it may bear him up against the faintheartedness, the folly, the falsehood, and the numberless discouragements which even a prosperous man will have to endure. It should also be calm ; for else he may be driven wild by any great pressure of business, and lose his time and his head in rushing from one unfinished thing to begin something else. Now this wished-for conjunction of the calm and the hopeful is very rare. It is, however, in every man's power to study well his own temperament, and to provide against the defects in it.

6. A habit of thinking for himself is one which may be acquired by the solitary student. But the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with.

7. It is true that the formation of principles, which has been spoken of before, requires decision ; but it is of that kind which depends upon deliberate judgment : whereas, the decision which is wanted in the world's business must

ever be within call, and does not judge so much as it foresees and chooses. This kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on their own resources or who have been brought up in great freedom.

8. It would be difficult to lay down any course of study not technical that would be peculiarly fitted to form a man of business. He should be brought up in the habit of reasoning closely; and to ensure this, there is hardly anything better for him than the study of geometry.

9. In any course of study to be laid down for him, something like universality should be aimed at, which not only makes the mind agile, but gives variety of information. Such a system will make him acquainted with many modes of thought, with various classes of facts, and will enable him to understand men better.

10. There will be a time in his youth which may perhaps be well spent in those studies which are of a metaphysical nature. In the investigation of some of the great questions of philosophy, a breadth and a tone may be given to a man's mode of thinking which will afterwards be of signal use to him in the business of everyday life.

11. We cannot enter here into a description of the technical studies for a man of business; but I may point out that there are works which soften the transition from the schools to the world, and which are particularly needed in a system of education like our own, consisting of studies for the most part remote from real life. These works are such as tend to give the student that interest in the common things about him which he has scarcely ever been called upon to feel. They show how imagination and philosophy can be woven into practical wisdom. Such are the writings of Bacon. His lucid order, his grasp of the subject, the comprehensiveness of his views, his knowledge of mankind—the greatest perhaps that has ever been distinctly given out by any uninspired man—the practical nature of his purposes, and his respect for anything of human interest, render Bacon's works unrivalled in their fitness to form the best men for the conduct of the highest affairs.

12. It is not, however, so much the thing studied, as the

manner of studying it. Our student is not intended to become a learned man, but a man of business ; not a "full man," but a "ready man." He must be taught to arrange and express what he knows. For this purpose let him employ himself in making digests, arranging and classifying materials, writing narratives, and in deciding upon conflicting evidence. All these exercises require method. He must expect that his attempts will be clumsy ; he begins, perhaps, by dividing his subject in any way that occurs to him, with no other view than that of treating separate portions of it separately ; he does not perceive, at first, what things are of one kind and what of another, and what should be the logical order of their following.

13. But from such rude beginnings method is developed ; and there is hardly any degree of toil for which he would not be compensated by such a result. He will have a sure reward in the clearness of his own views, and in the faculty of explaining them to others. People bring their attention to the man who gives them most profit for it ; and this will be one who is a master of method.

14. Our student should begin soon to cultivate a fluency in writing—I do not mean a flow of words, but a habit of expressing his thoughts with accuracy, with brevity, and with readiness, which can only be acquired by practice early in life. You find persons who, from neglect in this part of their education, can express themselves briefly and accurately, but only after much care and labour. And again you meet with others who cannot express themselves accurately, although they have method in their thoughts and can write with readiness ; but they have not been accustomed to look to the precise meaning of words, and such people are apt to fall into the common error of indulging in a great many words, as if it were from a sort of hope that some of them might be to the purpose.

15. In the style of a man of business, nothing is to be aimed at but plainness and precision. For instance, a close repetition of the same word for the same thing need not be avoided. The aversion to such repetitions may be carried too far in all kinds of writing. In literature, however, you

are seldom brought to account for misleading people ; but in business you may soon be called upon to pay the penalty for having shunned the word which would exactly have expressed your meaning.

16. I cannot conclude this essay better than by endeavouring to describe what sort of person a consummate man of business should be.

17. He should be able to fix his attention on details, and be ready to give every kind of argument a hearing. This will not encumber him, for he must have been practised beforehand in the exercise of the intellect, and be strong in principles. One man collects materials together, and there they remain a shapeless heap ; another, possessed of method, can arrange what he has collected ; but such a man as I would describe, by the aid of principles goes farther, and builds with his materials.

18. He should be courageous. The courage, however, required in civil affairs is that which belongs rather to the able commander than the mere soldier. But any kind of courage is serviceable.

19. Besides a stout heart, he should have a patient temperament and a vigorous but disciplined imagination ; and then he will plan boldly, and with large extent of view, execute calmly, and not be stretching out his hand for things not yet within his grasp. He will let opportunities grow before his eyes until they are ripe to be seized. He will think steadily over possible failure, in order to provide a remedy or a retreat. There will be the strength of repose about him.

20. He must have a deep sense of responsibility. He must believe in the power and vitality of truth, and in all he does or says should be anxious to express as much truth as possible.

21. His feeling of responsibility and love of truth will almost inevitably endow him with diligence, accuracy, and discreteness, — those commonplace requisites for a good man of business, without which all the rest may never come to be “ translated into action.”

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

SOLOMON AND THE BEES

1. WHEN Solomon was reigning in all his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came—
(So in the *Talmud* you may read the story)—
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendours of his court, and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.
2. Nor this alone : much had her highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the royal speech ;
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word ;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs ; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if Rumour spoke the simple truth.
3. Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy ;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye ;
And so the queen had come—a royal guest—
To put the sage's cunning to the test.
4. And straight she held before the monarch's view
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers ;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers ;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the rare product of divinest Art.
5. "Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head ;
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, and fain,
For very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

6. "Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king;
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.
7. While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.
8. The window opened at the king's command;
Within the rooms the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's;—and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.
9. My story teaches (every tale should bear
A fitting moral) that the wise may find
In trifles light as atoms in the air
Some useful lesson to enrich the mind—
Some truth designed to profit or to please—
As Israel's king learned wisdom from the bees!

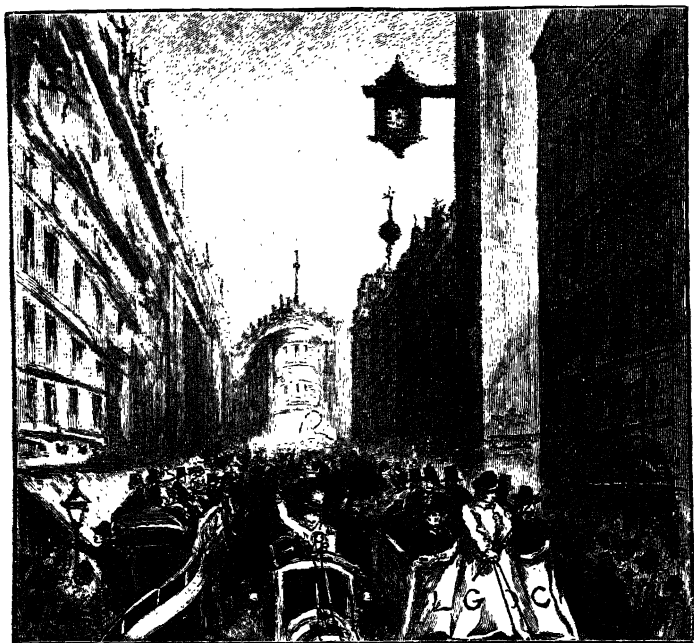
SAXE.

A DAY IN LONDON

PART I

1. AFTER breakfast, on the first day, we set out for a walk through London. Entering the main artery of this mighty city, we passed on through Aldgate and Cornhill to St. Paul's with ever-increasing wonder. Farther on,

through Fleet Street and the Strand,—what a world ! Here come the ever-thronging, ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here, day and night, pours the stream of human beings, seeming, amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat.



STREET IN LONDON (CHEAPSIDE).

2. How lonely it makes one to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him not a being knows or cares for him ! What knows he, too, of the thousands who pass him by ! How many who bear the impress of godlike virtue, or hide beneath a goodly countenance a heart black with crime ! How many fiery spirits all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future,

or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair! There is a sublimity in this human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.

3. St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling everything I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance, that startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches. Blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, it stands like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world. The interior is what one would expect to behold after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side encompasses the dome, at which you gaze up as at the sky; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead.

4. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. With the exception of John Howard, Sir Astley Cooper, and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's, it would better have suited such a temple and the great soul it commemorated.

5. I never was more impressed with the grandeur of human invention than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. The small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. The dome is like the summit of a mountain; so wide is the prospect, and so great the pile upon which you stand. London lay beneath us like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the thousands of red roofs would shine out more clearly.

The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted serpent.



THE STRAND.

6. It was a relief to get into St. James's Park among the trees and flowers again. Here beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were swimming hundreds

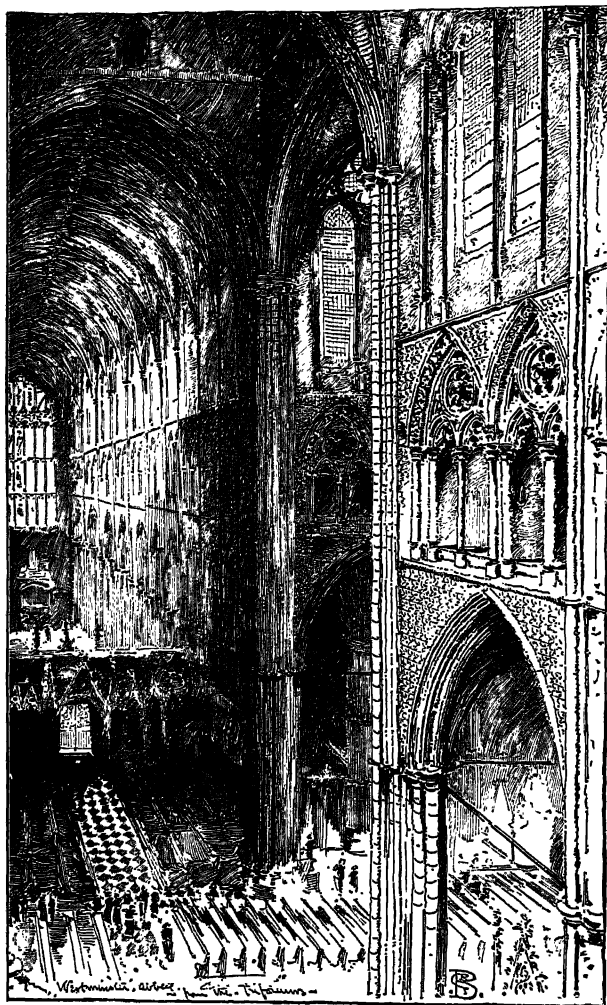
of waterfowl. Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming everywhere at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul's; and through the grove, on the eminence above, the tower of St. James's could be seen. But there was a dim building with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to Westminster Abbey.

A DAY IN LONDON

PART II.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY

1. WE approached by the general entrance, *Poets' Corner*. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words "O RARE BEN JONSON," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces farther looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the association of my childhood.

2. There were the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson, and the majestic head of Dryden, Addison with his classic features, and Gray full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the tablet to Shakespeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here col-



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

lected,—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit, everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still “rule us from their urns.”

3. We proceeded to the chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which his ashes repose. Here the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years was exhibited. Under the seat is the stone, brought from the Abbey of Scone, whereon the Kings of Scotland were crowned. Near this is the hall where the Knights of the Order of the Bath met. Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging. It resembled a banqueting-hall of the olden times, where the knights had left their seats for a moment vacant.

4. Entering the nave, we were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and Watts, from the chisels of Chantrey, Bacon, and Westmacott. Farther down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller,—opposite André and Paoli, the Italian, who died in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene? Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, nor could I have anticipated the hushed and breathless interest with which I paced the dim aisles, gazing at every step on the last resting-place of some great and familiar name. A place so sacred to all who inherit the English tongue is worthy of a special pilgrimage across the deep. To those who are unable to visit it a description may be interesting; but so far does it fall short of the scene itself, that if I thought it would induce a few of our wealthy idlers, or even those who like myself must travel with toil and privation to come hither, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand.

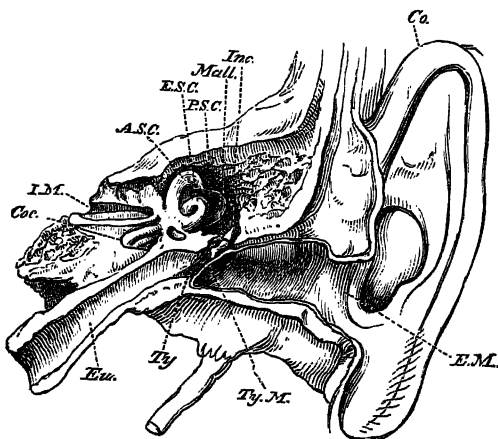
BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE EAR

1. ONE of the Gateways of Wisdom is the Ear. The organ or instrument of hearing is in all its most important parts so hidden within the head that we cannot perceive its construction by a mere external inspection. What in ordinary language we call the ear, is only the outer porch or entrance-vestibule of a curious series of intricate, winding passages, which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers. Certain of those passages are full of air; others are full of liquid; and thin membranes are stretched like parchment curtains across the corridors at different places, and can be thrown into vibration, or made to tremble, as the head of a drum or the surface of a tambourine does when struck with a stick or the fingers. Between two of those parchment-like curtains a chain of very small bones extends, which serves to tighten or relax those membranes, and to communicate vibrations to them. In the innermost place of all, rows of fine threads, called nerves, stretch like the strings of a piano from the last points to which the tremblings or thrillings reach, and pass inwards to the brain. If these threads or nerves are destroyed, the power of hearing as infallibly departs as the power to give out sound is lost by a piano or violin when its strings are broken.'

2. Without attempting to enter more minutely into a description of the ear, it may now be stated that in order to produce sound, a solid, a liquid, or a gas such as air, must in the first place be thrown into vibration. We have an example of a solid body giving a sound when a bell produces a musical note on being struck; of a liquid, in the dash of a waterfall or the breaking of the waves; and of air, in the firing of a cannon or the blast of a trumpet. Sounds, once produced, travel along solid bodies, or through liquids, or through the air, the last being the great conveyer or conductor of sounds.

3. The human ear avails itself of all these modes of carrying sound; thus the walls of the skull, like the metal of a bell, convey sounds inwards to the nerves of hearing; whilst within the winding canals referred to is enclosed a volume of liquid, which pulsates and undulates as the sea does when struck by a paddle-wheel or the blade of an oar. Lastly, two chambers divided from each other by a membrane, the one leading to the external ear, the other opening



TRANSVERSE SECTION THROUGH THE SIDE WALLS OF THE SKULL TO SHOW THE PARTS OF EAR.

Co. Concha or external ear; *E.M.* external auditory meatus; *Ty.M.* tympanic membrane; *Inc. Mall.* incus and malleus; *A.S.C.*, *P.S.C.*, *E.S.C.* anterior, posterior, and external semicircular canals; *Coc.* cochlea; *Eu.* Eustachian tube; *I.M.* internal auditory meatus, through which the auditory nerve passes to the organ of hearing.

into the mouth, are filled with air, which can be thrown into vibration. We may thus fitly compare the organ of hearing, considered as a whole, to a musical glass, *i.e.* a thin glass tumbler containing a little water. If the glass be struck a sound is emitted, during which not only the solid wall of the tumbler, but the liquid in it and the air above it all tremble or vibrate together and spread the sound. All this is occurring every moment in our ears; and, as a final result of these complex thrillings, the nerves

which I likened to the "piano strings" convey an impression inwards to the brain, and in consequence of this we hear.

4. We know far less, however, of the ear than of the eye. The eye is a single chamber open to the light, and we can see into it and observe what happens there. But the ear is many-chambered, and its winding tunnels, traversing the rock-like bones of the skull, are narrow and hidden from us as the dungeons of a castle are, like which also they are totally dark. Thus much, however, we know, that it is in the innermost recesses of these unilluminated ivory vaults that the mind is made conscious of sound. Into these gloomy cells, as into the bright chamber of the eye, the soul is ever passing and asking for news from the world without; and ever and anon, as of old in hidden subterranean caverns where men listened in silence and darkness to the utterance of oracles, reverberations echo along the resounding walls, and responses come to the waiting spirit, whilst the world lifts up its voice and speaks to the soul. The sound is that of a hushed voice, a low but clear whisper; for as it is but a dim shadow of the outer world we see, so it is but a faint echo of the outer world we hear.

5. Such, then, is the Ear; and it is in some respects a more human organ than the Eye, for it is the counterpart of the human voice; and it is a sorer affliction to be cut off from listening to the tongues of our fellow-men than it is to be blinded to the sights on which they gaze.

6. Those who are born or early become deaf are far more isolated all their lives from their hearing neighbours than the blind are from those who see. The blind as a class are lively and cheerful: the deaf are shy and melancholy, often morose and suspicious; and naturally so, for our interest in each other far exceeds, and ought to exceed, our interest in the world, and from all this human sympathy the deaf are almost totally cut off; whilst the blind, excused from many duties which the seeing only can discharge, are peculiarly free to indulge in gossip with their more favoured

neighbours, and can largely exchange opinions with them. Moreover, the blind can scarcely fail to find their own tastes suited in some portion of the talk of their neighbours, and may thus gratify their inclinations to a considerable extent; whilst the deaf, unless they have a great aptitude for such occupations as employ the eye and the hand, are far more narrowed in their circle of studies and much more solitary than the blind. No one has illustrated this so touchingly as Dr. Kitto in his striking book on the *Lost Senses*, when referring to his never having heard the voices of his children: "If there be any one thing arising out of my condition which more than any other fills my heart with grief, it is *this*—it is to see their blessed lips in motion, and to hear them not, and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech which are incommunicable to me, and which pass by me like the idle wind."

7. And a similar difference appears, though to a less extent, between those who have lost sight and those who have lost hearing after having enjoyed them. Milton, in one of the noblest passages of the *Paradise Lost*, bewails his blindness; but in a passage still nobler he rejoices at what is left to him. I need not quote these passages in full to you, or recall those two sonnets unsurpassed in our language, in the one of which he answers the question he has raised—

"Does God exact day-labour, Light denied?"

and in the other tells his friend that though his eyes

"their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

8. Contrast with Milton an equally great genius, Beethoven the musician, who in the prime of life had the misfortune to lose his hearing, and could find almost no

alleviation of his misery in gratifying the senses which remained. Gloom, anguish, and often the blackest despair, darkened all his later years onwards to the tomb.

9. Those two mighty masters may be fitly regarded as furnishing characteristic examples of the relative severity of blindness and deafness when they befall those who once saw and heard. We should every one of us, I suppose, prefer the lot of Milton to that of Beethoven, and find it more easy to console a blind painter than a deaf musician. I speak thus because I presume it is a matter of universal experience that we can more easily and vividly recall and conceive sights than we can recall and conceive sounds. It costs us no effort to summon before us, even though destitute of the painter's gifts, endless landscapes, cities, or processions, and faces innumerable; but even rarely endowed musicians can mentally reproduce few, comparatively, of the melodies or harmonies they know, if debarred from uttering them vocally or through some instrument. We may test this point by the experience of our dreams.

10. If I mistake not, though I would not speak dogmatically on this point, we never fully dream a sound. Coleridge in his *Kubla Khan* declares—

“ A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.”

11. But this was the visionary vision of a poet; in dreams, I imagine, we hear no sounds, unless it be those of the world without. We carry on many conversations, and marvellous things are told us; but these, like our waking communings with ourselves and mental hummings of tunes, are uttered by voiceless lips in a speechless tongue. Dreamland is a silent land, and all the dwellers in it are deaf and dumb.

12. How different is it with Sight! No objects beheld by our waking eyes impress us so vividly as the splendid and awful dissolving views which pass before us in the

visions of the night. So much is this the case that, when in daylight life we encounter some reality more startling, more joyful or terrible than most, we utter the strange paradox: "It cannot be true; it must be a dream!" I infer from this that the Blind, who must dream or imagine all the sights which they see, are, other things being equal, a great deal more fortunate than the Deaf, who must dream the sounds which they hear. In the life of Niebuhr there is a striking description of the long and happy hours which his blind old father spent in recalling the striking scenes which in early life he had witnessed in Palestine and other eastern countries; and every child who looks into its pillow to see wonders there could recall a parallel experience: but I know of no corresponding fact in the history of the Deaf. At all events, an active and joyous memory of sounds is rare among them. The ear is accordingly an organ which we can worse afford to lose than the eye; and one, therefore, which should be all the more cared for. It is still more susceptible of education than the eye, and can be educated more quickly.

13. Thus a love of music is much more frequent than a love of painting or sculpture; and you will reach the hearts and touch the feelings of the majority of mankind more quickly by singing them a song than by showing them a picture. In truth, the sensitiveness of the ear to melody and to harmony is so great, that we not only seek to gratify it when bent upon recreation, but even in the midst of the hardest labour we gratify it if we can. Two carpenters planing the same piece of wood will move their planes alternately; so that, when the one is pushing his forward, the other is drawing his back, thereby securing a recurrence of sounds, which, from their inequality, would be harsh if they were heard simultaneously. In the same way two paviors, driving in stones, bring down the mallets time about; and so do working engineers when they are forging a bar; and the smith, when he has dealt a succession of monotonous blows, relieves his ear by letting his hammer ring musically on the anvil; and I need not tell you how sailors, heaving the anchor or hoisting the sails, sing to-

gether in chorus ; nor remind you that the most serious of all hard work, fighting, is helped on by the drum and the trumpet.

14. Although the ear has a greatly more limited range in space and time than the eye, it is in a very remarkable respect a more perfect instrument than the organ of sight. The eye can regard but a single object at a time, and must shift its glance from point to point when many objects are before it which it wishes to compare together. And when prosecuting this comparison between, for example, two bodies, it has in reality but one imprinted on it, and compares the *perceived* image of this one with the *remembered* image of the other. This fact escapes us in ordinary vision, because the impression or shadow of a body on the retina remains for some time after the object is withdrawn from the sphere of sight—a fact of which we can easily assure ourselves by whirling before our eyes a lighted brand, when it appears, not a succession of flaming points, as it actually is when so whirled, but an unbroken circle of fire. And further, we do not, in looking about us, take notice of the constant motions of the eyeball, which bring different objects within the sphere of vision. If, however, whilst looking at no larger surface than a printed page, we close one eye and lay the finger on it whilst we read with the other, we can trace in the closed eye, which follows the motions of the open one, how continually it shifts itself from point to point and gazes successively at objects which we imagine it to see simultaneously. It is otherwise with the ear. Although perfectly untutored, it can listen to many sounds at once, distinguish their difference, and compare them together. Every one must be conscious of this.

DR. GEORGE WILSON.

HOW TO WRITE

1. WHENEVER I am going to write anything, I find it best to think first what I am going to say. This is a lesson

which nine writers out of ten have never learned. Even the people who write leading articles for the newspapers do not, half the time, know what they are going to say when they begin. And I have heard many a sermon which was evidently written by a man who, when he began, only knew what his first head was to be. The sermon was a sort of riddle to himself when he started, and he was curious as to how it would come out.

2. I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to our school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example :—

3. “My dear young friends, I do not know that I have anything to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning. The *morning* is so beautiful after the refreshment of the night that as I walked to church, and looked around, and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world. For the *world*, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own, that we might enjoy our own lives and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and our sisters.

4. “*Our brothers and our sisters* they are indeed, though some of them are in distant lands, and beneath other skies, and parted from us by the broad oceans. These *oceans*, indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. They make it one. The winds which blow over them, and the currents which move their waters, all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to commerce and to the good of man. And *man*, my dear children,” etc. etc. etc.

5. You see there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word or the last idea of one sentence and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only “occupy the time” that is appointed. It is very easy for you ; but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who read and who listen.

6. The vice goes so far, indeed, that you may divide literature into two great classes of books. The smaller class of the two consists of the books written by people who had something to say. They had in life learned something, or seen something, or done something which they really wanted and needed to tell to other people. They told it. And their writings make perhaps a twentieth part of the printed literature of the world. It is the part which contains all that is worth reading. The other nineteen-twentieths make up the other class.

7. In learning to write, our first rule is : *Know what you want to say*. The second rule is : *Say it* ; that is, do not begin by saying something else which you think will lead up to what you want to say.

8. Thirdly, and always : *Use your own language*. I mean, the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. If your everyday language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk which is not fit for print, why the sooner you get out of it the better.

9. *A short word is better than a long one*. I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said—"I do not think I am fit for this post. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take it, and when I am in it I shall do as well as I can."

10. It is a very grand speech. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon—there is not one word of Latin. Yet this was a learned man, who, if he chose, could have said the whole in Latin. But he was one English gentleman talking to another English gentleman, and therefore he chose to use the tongue to which they both were born.

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE MOON AND STARS: A FABLE

1. AT the close of the fourth day of creation, when the sun, after a glorious but solitary course, had gone down, and darkness had begun to gather over the face of the yet uninhabited earth, a star—a single star and beautiful—stepped forth in the firmament. Trembling with wonder and delight in new-found existence, she looked abroad, and beheld nothing in heaven or on earth resembling herself. But she was not long alone. Now one, then another, then a third resplendent companion joined her, till in the lapse of an hour the whole hemisphere was bespangled with planets and fixed stars, and with a superb comet which flamed in the zenith.

2. These orbs for a while contemplated themselves and each other, and every one, from the largest to the least, imagined herself the central luminary of the whole universe. Nor were they undeceived regarding themselves, though all saw their associates in their relative proportions—self-knowledge being the last knowledge acquired in the sky or below it,—till, bending over the ocean, they beheld their individual forms reflected beneath, according to their places and configurations above. By an attentive self-inspection in that mirror they slowly learned humility—all except the comet, who, having a long train of brightness streaming sunward, continued to regard herself as the queen of the hemisphere.

3. While they thus examined themselves and each other, their attention was attracted by a slender thread of light, which shone out for a little above the horizon and then vanished. This was the moon—the first new moon. Timidly she looked upon the glittering multitude, and as she perceived how mean her scanty and unshapen form appeared in presence of their perfect symmetry, she seemed glad to hide herself from their glances in the friendly bosom of the ocean. When she was gone, the stars looked one at another with inquisitive surprise as much as to say, "What

a figure!" and they soon began to talk freely concerning her. But while they were ridiculing her crooked shape and her shyness, a sudden sense of their own fading splendour came over them. The east began to dawn, and, to their consternation, they all felt themselves fainting into invisibility, and, as they feared, into nothingness.

4. The next evening, the vanished celestials awoke gradually, and, on opening their eyes, were rejoiced to perceive that not one was wanting of last night's levee. The little gleaming horn, too, was again discerned, bending backward over the western hills; but, though somewhat brighter than on the former occasion, she again sunk early beneath the horizon, leaving the comet in proud possession of the sky.

5. On the third evening, the moon was so obviously increased in size and splendour, and stood so much higher in the firmament than at first, though she still hastened out of sight, that she was the sole subject of conversation on both sides of the galaxy, till the breeze that awakened newly created man from his first slumber in Paradise warned the stars to retire, and the sun, with a pomp never-witnessed in our degenerate days, ushered in the first Sabbath of creation. The following night, the moon took her station still higher, and looked brighter than before, inasmuch that it was remarked of the lesser stars in her vicinity that many of them were paler, and some no longer visible. As their associates knew not how to account for this, they naturally enough presumed that her light was fed by the absorption of theirs; and the alarm became general that she would thus continue to thrive by consuming her neighbours till she had incorporated them all with herself.

6. Though thus growing larger and lovelier every night, the moon preserved her humility till her crescent swelled into a gibbous form. Then, however, she began to feel proud of her preferment. Her rays, too, became so dazzling that fewer and fewer of the stars could endure her presence: even the comet became wan before her. On the night of her fulness she triumphed gloriously in

mid-heaven, and arrayed the earth in softer day. Over the ocean she hung, enamoured of her own beauty reflected in the abyss. And the few stars that still continued to sparkle in the firmament shrunk into bluer depths of ether, to gaze at a safe distance upon her all-conquering resplendence.

7. The moon herself was not a little puzzled to imagine to what size and splendour she might grow. Her vanity suggested that, although she had reached her full form, she had not reached her full size. Might she not go on increasing till man and his companion, woman, looking upward from the bowers of Eden, would see the heaven *all moon*? But in the midst of this self-pleasing illusion a film crept upon her, which spread from her utmost verge, athwart her centre, till it completely eclipsed her visage, and made her a blot on the tablet of the heavens. In the progress of this disaster the stars, which were hid in her pomp, stole forth to witness her humiliation. But their transport and her shame lasted not long: the shadow retired gradually as it had advanced, leaving her fairer, by contrast, than before.

8. Another day went, and another night came; and she rose, as usual, a little later. Even while she travelled above the land she was haunted with the idea that her lustre was rather feebler than it had been; but when she beheld her face in the sea she could no longer overlook the unwelcome defect. The season was boisterous; the wind rose suddenly, and the waves burst into foam. Perhaps the tide, for the first time, then was affected by sympathy with the moon; and, what had never happened before, a furious tempest rent the sky with thunder and swept the earth with torrents of rain. She plunged among the thickest of the thunder clouds, and in the confusion that hid her disgrace her exulting rivals were all likewise put out of countenance.

9. On the next evening, and for several evenings afterwards, the moon came forth later and dimmer; while on each occasion, more and more of the minor stars, which had formerly vanished before her, reappeared to witness

her fading honours and disfigured form. Prosperity had made her vain; adversity brought her back to her better mind; and the softer charms of humility soon won the regard which haughtiness had repelled: for when her gibbous profile waned, through the last quarter, into a hollow shell, she appeared more graceful than ever in the eyes of all heaven.

10. At length there came a night when there was no moon. The comet had likewise departed into unknown regions. There was silence in heaven all that night. In serene meditation on the changes of a month, the stars pursued their journey from sunset to daybreak; and, wiser by experience, they were humble and contented, and each grateful for her lot, whether splendid or obscure.

11. Next evening, to the astonishment and joy of all, the moon, with a new crescent, was descried in the west; and instantly, from every quarter of the sky, she was congratulated on her happy resurrection. Just as she went down, while her bow was yet recumbent on the dark purple horizon, it is said that an angel appeared, standing between her horns. As he turned his head, his eye glanced rapidly over the universe,—the sun sunk far behind him, the moon under his feet, the earth spread in prospect before him, and the firmament all glittering with constellations above. He paused a moment, and then, in that tongue in which “the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,” he thus broke forth:—“Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! in wisdom hast thou made them all!” He ceased,—and from that hour there has been harmony in heaven.

MONTGOMERY.

BRITISH COLONIAL POWER

1. THE sagacity of England is in nothing more clearly shown than in the foresight with which she has provided against the emergency of war. Let it come when it may, it will not find her unprepared. So thickly are her colonies

and naval stations scattered over the face of the Earth that her warships can speedily reach every commercial centre on the globe.

2. There is that great centre of commerce, the Mediterranean Sea. It was a great centre long ago when the Phœnician traversed it, and, passing through the Pillars of Hercules, sped on his way to the distant and then savage Britain. It was a great centre when Rome and Carthage wrestled in a death-grapple for its possession. But at the present day England is as much at home on the Mediterranean as if it were one of her own Canadian lakes.

3. Nor is it simply the number of the British colonies, or the evenness with which they are distributed, that challenges our admiration. The positions which these colonies occupy, and their natural military strength, are quite as important facts. There is not a sea or a gulf in the world which has any real commercial importance, but England has a stronghold on its shores. And wherever the continents tending southward come to points around which the commerce of nations must sweep, there is a British settlement and the cross of St. George salutes you as you are wafted by. There is hardly a little desolate rocky island or peninsula, formed apparently by Nature for a fortress and nothing else, but the British flag floats securely over it.

4. These are literal facts. Take, for example, the great Overland Route from Europe to Asia. Despite its name, its real highway is on the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It has three gates—three only. England holds the key to every one of these gates. Count them—Gibraltar, Malta, Aden. But she commands the entrance to the Red Sea, not by one, but by several strongholds. Midway in the narrow strait is the black bare rock of Perim, sterile, precipitous, a perfect counterpart of Gibraltar; and on either side, between it and the mainland, are the ship-channels which connect the Red Sea with the great Indian Ocean. This England holds.

5. A little farther out is the peninsula of Aden, another Gibraltar, as rocky, as sterile, and nearly as precipitous, con-

nected with the mainland by a narrow strait, and having a harbour safe in all winds and a central coal dépôt. This England bought in 1839. And to complete her security she has purchased from some petty sultan the neighbouring islands of Socotra and Kouri, giving as it were a retaining fee, so that, though she does not need them herself, no rival power may ever possess them.

6. As we sail a little farther on we come to the Chinese Sea. What beaten track of commerce is this! What wealth of comfort and luxury is wafted over it by every breeze! The seas of China! The silks of Farther India! The spices of the East! The ships of every clime and nation swarm on its waters! The stately barques of England, France, and Holland! The swift ships of America! And mingled with them, in picturesque confusion, the clumsy junk of the Chinaman, and the slender, darting canoe of the Malaysian islanders.

7. At the lower end of the China Sea, where it narrows into Malacca Strait, England holds the little island of Singapore—a spot of no use to her whatever except as a commercial dépôt, but of inestimable value for that; a spot which under her fostering care is growing up to take its place among the great emporiums of the world. Half way up the sea she holds the island of Labuan, of which the chief worth is this, that beneath its surface and that of the neighbouring mainland there lie inexhaustible treasures of coal, which are likely to yield wealth and power to the hand that controls them. At the upper end of the sea she holds Hong Kong, a hot unhealthy island, but an invaluable base from which to threaten and control the neighbouring waters.

8. Even in the broad, and as yet comparatively untracked Pacific, she is making silent advances towards dominion. The vast continent of Australia, which she has secured, forms its south-western boundary. And pushed out six hundred miles eastward from this lies New Zealand like a strong outpost, its shores so scooped and torn by the waves that it must be a very paradise of commodious bays and safe havens for the mariner. The soil, too, is of extraordinary

fertility ; and the climate, though humid, deals kindly with the Englishman's constitution. Nor is this all ; for, advanced from it north and south, like picket stations, are Norfolk Isle and the Auckland group, both of which have good harbours. And it requires no prophet's eye to see that, when England needs posts farther eastward, she will find them among the green coral isles that stud the Pacific.

9. Turn now your steps homeward and pause a moment at the Bermudas, those beautiful isles, with their fresh verdure—green gems in the ocean, with air soft and balmy as Eden's was ! They have their home uses too. They furnish arrow-root for the sick, and ample supplies of vegetables earlier than sterner climates will yield them. Is this all that can be said ? Reflect a little more deeply. These islands possess a great military and naval depôt, and a splendid harbour, land-locked, strongly fortified, and difficult of access to strangers ; and all within a few days' sail of the chief ports of the Atlantic shores of the New World. England therefore retains them as a station on the road to her West Indian possessions ; and should America go to war with her, she would use it as a base for offensive operations, where she might gather and whence she might hurl upon any unprotected port all her gigantic naval and military power.

“ATLANTIC MONTHLY.”

BALAKLAVA

1. NEVER did the painter's eye rest on a more beautiful scene than I beheld from the ridge. The fleecy vapours still hung around the mountain tops and mingled with the ascending volumes of smoke ; the speck of sea sparkled freshly in the rays of the morning sun, but its light was eclipsed by the flashes which gleamed from the masses of armed men below.

2. Looking to the left towards the gorge, we beheld six compact masses of Russian infantry, which had just débouched from the mountain passes near the Tchernaya and were slowly advancing with solemn stateliness up the

valley. Immediately in their front was a regular line of artillery, of at least twenty pieces. Two batteries of light guns were already a mile in advance of them, and were playing with energy on the redoubts, from which feeble puffs of smoke came at long intervals. Behind these guns, in front of the infantry, were enormous bodies of cavalry. They were in six compact squares, three on each flank, moving down *en echelon* towards us, and the valley was lit up with the blaze of their sabres and lance points and gay accoutrements. In their front, and extending along the intervals between each battery of guns, were clouds of mounted skirmishers, wheeling and whirling in the front of their march like autumn leaves tossed by the wind. The Zouaves close to us were lying like tigers at the spring, with ready rifles in hand, hidden chin-deep by the earthworks which run along the line of these ridges on our rear, but the quick-eyed Russians were manœuvring on the other side of the valley, and did not expose their columns to attack. Below the Zouaves we could see the Turkish gunners in the redoubts; all is confusion as the shells burst over them.

3. Just as I came up the Russians had carried No. 1 redoubt, the farthest and most elevated of all, and their horsemen were chasing the Turks across the interval which lay between it and redoubt No. 2. At that moment the cavalry under Lord Lucan were formed in glittering masses—the Light Brigade, under Lord Cardigan, in advance; the Heavy Brigade, under Brigadier-General Scarlett, in reserve. They were drawn up just in front of their encampment, and were concealed from the view of the enemy by a slight “wave” in the plain. Considerably to the rear of their right, the 93d Highlanders were drawn up in line, in front of the approach to Balaklava. Above and behind them, on the heights, the marines were visible through the glass, drawn up under arms, and the gunners could be seen ready in the earthworks, in which were placed the heavy ships’ guns. The 93d had originally been advanced somewhat more into the plain, but the instant the Russians got possession of the first redoubt they opened fire on them

from our own guns, which inflicted some injury, and Sir Colin Campbell "retired" his men to a better position. Meanwhile the enemy advanced his cavalry rapidly. To our inexpressible disgust we saw the Turks in redoubt No. 2 fly at their approach. They ran in scattered groups across towards redoubt No. 3 and towards Balaklava, but the horse hoof of the Cossack was too quick for them, and sword and lance were busily plied among the retreating herd. The yells of the pursuers and pursued were plainly audible. As the lancers and light cavalry of the Russians advanced they gathered up their skirmishers with great speed and in excellent order—the shifting trails of men, which played all over the valley like moonlight on the water, contracted, gathered up, and the little *peloton* in a few moments became a solid column. Then up came their guns, in rushed their gunners to the abandoned redoubt, and the guns of No. 2 redoubt soon played with deadly effect upon the dispirited defenders of No. 3 redoubt. Two or three shots in return from the earthworks, and all is silent. The Turks swarmed over the earthworks and ran in confusion towards the town, firing their muskets at the enemy as they run. Again the solid column of cavalry opens like a fan, and resolves itself into a long spray of skirmishers. It laps the flying Turk, steel flashes in the air, and down goes the poor Moslem quivering on the plain, split through fez and musket-guard to the chin and breast-belt.

4. There is no support for them. It is evident the Russians have been too quick for us. The Turks have been too quick also, for they have not held their redoubts long enough to enable us to bring them help. In vain the naval guns on the heights fire on the Russian cavalry; the distance is too great for shot or shell to reach. In vain the Turkish gunners in the earthen batteries which are placed along the French entrenchments strive to protect their flying countrymen; their shot fly wide and short of the swarming masses. The Turks betake themselves towards the Highlanders, where they check their flight, and form into companies on the flanks of the Highlanders. As the Russian cavalry on the left of their line crown the hill across the

valley, they perceive the Highlanders drawn up at a distance of some half mile, calmly waiting their approach. They halt, and squadron after squadron flies up from the rear, till they have a body of some fifteen hundred men along the ridge—lancers and dragoons and hussars. Then they move in two bodies, with another in reserve. The cavalry, who have been pursuing the Turks on the right, are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon-bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minie musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within one hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators. But events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten; men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93d never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to

form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers.

5. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*, their light blue jackets, embroidered with silver lace—were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of gray-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant-looking enemy, but their time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards; it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword-arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left, so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock

was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards, rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of paste-board, and dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout. This Russian horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of the position they clapped their hands again and again.

W. H. RUSSELL.

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

1. SON of the ocean isle!

Where sleep your mighty dead?

Show me what high and stately pile

Is rear'd o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger ! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread !
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep
Where rest not England's dead.

2. On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noon-day reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade.
But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done !—
There slumber England's dead

3. The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar.
But let the sound roll on !
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone ;—
There slumber England's dead.

4. Loud rush the torrent-floods
The western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung.
But let the floods rush on !
Let the arrow's flight be sped ?
Why should *they* reckon whose task is done ?—
There slumber England's dead !

5. The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky,
Like rose-leaves on the breeze.
But let the storm rage on !
Let the fresh wreaths be shed !

For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

6. On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
 When round the ship the ice-fields close,
 And the northern night-clouds lower.
 But let the ice drift on !
 Let the cold-blue desert spread !
Their course with mast and flag is done—
 Even there sleep England's dead.

7. The war-like of the isles,
 The men of field and wave !
 Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave ?
 Go, stranger ! track the deep,
 Free, free the white sail spread !
 Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN SOUTHERN INDIA

PART I

I. THE man who first saw that it was possible to found a European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capacious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could

bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline and guided by the tactics of the West.

2. He clearly saw that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which a European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions and to speak through the mouth of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nawab or Nizam. The arts of war and policy, which a few years later were employed with such signal success by the English, were first understood and practised by this ingenious and aspiring Frenchman.

3. The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, in either old laws or recent practice. All rights were in a state of utter uncertainty; and the Europeans who took part in the disputes of the natives confounded the confusion by applying to Asiatic politics the public law of the West, and analogies drawn from the feudal system. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so. He was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as a hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views.

4. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was *de facto* dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

5. In the year 1748 died one of the most-powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

6. But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. In the unsettled state of Indian law it was easy for both Mirzapha Jung and Chunda Sahib to make out something like a claim of right. In a society altogether disorganised they had no difficulty in finding greedy adventurers to follow their standards. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

7. Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of Southern India,—this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates. A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mohammed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

8. This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of

his own followers; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity; salutes were fired from the batteries, and *Te Deum* was sung in the churches.

9. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies; and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mohammedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and in the pageant which followed took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was entrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry.

10. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of the Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French Governor. It was rumoured that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honour or emolument could be obtained from the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

11. Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which, in the short space of four years, a European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vainglorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals.

12. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his success were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it arose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, "The City of the Victory of Dupleix."

13. The English had made some attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognise Mohammed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mohammed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone, and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England, and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them.

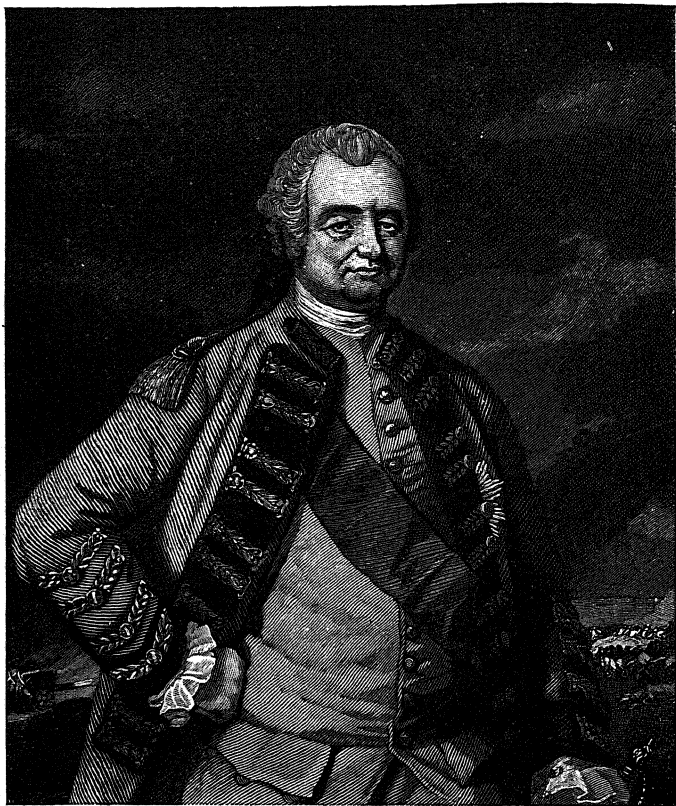
14. They had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chief of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment the valour and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN SOUTHERN INDIA

PART II

1. CLIVE was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial

life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth



PORTRAIT OF CLIVE.

all his powers. He represented to his superiors that, unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the House of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of

India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic and the favourite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan and entrusted the execution of it to himself.

2. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers and three hundred Sepoys, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

3. But Clive knew well that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and having been swollen by large reinforcements from the neighbourhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

4. The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reinforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix despatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this

army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

5. Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred Sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging was a young man of five-and-twenty who had been bred a book-keeper.

6. During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion.

7. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

8. An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mohammed Ali; but

thinking French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor.

9. Morari Row declared that he never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that if his proposals were not accepted he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was a usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

10. Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mohammedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote his lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God.

11. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosom of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever during this festival falls in arms against the infidels atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris.

It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

12. Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket balls than they turned round and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward.

13. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry, the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

14. The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN SOUTHERN INDIA

PART III

1. THE news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened by forced marches to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp, but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys who had served in the enemy's army came over to Clive's quarters and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The Governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognised the title of Mohammed Ali.

2. Had the entire direction of the war been entrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. In no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken, a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David.

3. On the road lay the City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. He was induced, we believe, to take this step,

not by personal or national malevolence, but by a just and profound policy. The town and its pompous name, the pillar and its vaunting inscriptions, were among the devices by which Dupleix had laid the public mind of India under a spell. This spell it was Clive's business to break. The natives had been taught that France was confessedly the first power in Europe, and that the English did not presume to dispute her supremacy. No measure could be more effectual for the removing of this delusion than the public and solemn demolition of the French trophies.

4. The Government of Madras, encouraged by these events, determined to send a strong detachment under Clive to reinforce the garrison of Trichinopoly. But just at this conjuncture Major Lawrence arrived from England, and assumed the chief command. From the waywardness and impatience of control which had characterised Clive, both at school and in the counting-house, it might have been expected that he would not, after such achievements, act with zeal and good humour in a subordinate capacity.

5. But Lawrence had early treated him with kindness ; and it is bare justice to Clive to say that, proud and overbearing as he was, kindness was never thrown away upon him. He cheerfully placed himself under the orders of his old friend, and exerted himself as strenuously in the second post as he could have done in the first. Lawrence well knew the value of such assistance. Though himself gifted with no intellectual faculty higher than plain good sense, he fully appreciated the powers of his brilliant coadjutor.

6. Though he had made a methodical study of military tactics, and, like all men regularly bred to a profession, was disposed to look with disdain on interlopers, he had yet liberality enough to acknowledge that Clive was an exception to common rules. "Some people," he wrote, "are pleased to term Captain Clive fortunate and lucky ; but, in my opinion, from the knowledge I have of the gentleman, he deserved and might expect from his conduct everything as it fell out ;—a man of an undaunted resolution, of a cool temper, and of a presence of mind which never left him in the greatest danger—born a soldier ; for, without a military

education of any sort, or much conversing with any of the profession, from his judgment and good sense, he led on an army like an experienced officer and a brave soldier, with a prudence that certainly warranted success."

7. The French had no commander to oppose to the two friends. Dupleix, not inferior in talents for negotiation and intrigue to any European who has borne a part in the revolutions of India, was not qualified to direct in person military operations. He had not been bred a soldier, and had no inclination to become one. His enemies accused him of personal cowardice; and he defended himself in a strain worthy of Captain Bobadil. He kept away from shot, he said, because silence and tranquillity were propitious to his genius, and he found it difficult to pursue his meditations amidst the noise of firearms. He was thus under the necessity of entrusting to others the execution of his great war-like designs; and he bitterly complained that he was ill served. Among his officers there was not a single man of capacity; and many of them were boys, at whose ignorance and folly the common soldiers laughed.

8. The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mah-rattas, and was put to death at the instigation, probably, of his competitor, Mohammed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources were inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the Government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline.

LORD MACAULAY.

AN ODE

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied *sun*, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The *moon* takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the *stars* that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
3. What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE

1. IT is *noble* to seek Truth, and it is *beautiful* to find it. It is the ancient feeling of the human heart that knowledge is better than riches ; and it is deeply and *sacredly true*. To mark the course of human passions as

they have flowed on in the ages that are past ; to see why nations have risen, and why they have fallen ; to speak of heat, and light, and the winds ; to know what man has discovered in the heavens above and in the earth beneath ; to hear the chemist unfold the marvellous properties that the Creator has locked up in a speck of earth ; to be told that there are worlds so distant from our own that the quickness of light, travelling from the world's creation, has never yet reached us ; to wander in the creations of poetry, and grow warm again with that eloquence which swayed the democracies of the Old World ; to go up with reasoners to the First Cause of all, and to perceive, in the midst of all this dissolution and decay and cruel separation, that there *is* one thing unchangeable, indestructible, and everlasting ;—it is worth while in the days of our youth to strive hard for this great discipline ; to pass sleepless nights for it ; to give up for it laborious days ; to spurn for it present pleasures ; to endure for it afflicting poverty ; to wade for it through darkness, and sorrow, and contempt, as the great spirits of the world have done in all ages and all times.

2. I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it, which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence ? The end of nature has been answered : his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied upon trifles, not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature and so worthy of their strength.

3. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress ? with whose happiness does he interfere ? whom does his ambition destroy ? and whom does his fraud deceive ? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge becomes habituated to pleasure which carries with it no reproach : and there is one security, that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by anguish of heart—his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent ; and

as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.

4. I solemnly declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher as preferable to that of the greatest and richest of men; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames night and day, and is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it *must* act and feed—upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the foul dregs of polluting passions.

5. Therefore when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with a vehement love, with a love coeval with life, what do I say but love innocence; love virtue; love purity of conduct; love that which, if you are rich and great, will sanctify the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice; love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes; love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be your lot in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honourable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and of fraud.

6. Therefore, if any young man here have embarked his life in the pursuit of Knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event: let him not be intimidated by the cheerless beginnings of Knowledge, by the darkness from which she springs, by the difficulties which hover around her, by the wretched habitations in which she dwells, by the want and sorrow which sometimes journey in her train; but let him ever follow her as the Angel that guards him, and as the Genius of his life. She will bring

him out at last into the light of day, and exhibit him to the world, comprehensive in acquirements, fertile in resources, rich in imagination, strong in reasoning, prudent and powerful above his fellows in all the relations and in all the offices of life.

SYDNEY SMITH.

ARYAN AND OTHER RACES

1. *The Aryan Nations*.—Some readers may perhaps by this time have asked what is to be understood by a word which has been already used more than once, namely, the *Aryan Nations*. That is the name which is now generally received to express that division of the human race to which we ourselves belong, and which takes in nearly all the present nations of Europe, and several of the chief nations of Asia. The evidence of language shows that there was a time, a time of course long before the beginning of recorded history, when the forefathers of all these nations were one people, speaking one language. *Sanskrit*, the ancient language of India, *Persian*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *English*, and other tongues, are really only dialects of one common speech. They show their common origin alike by their grammatical forms—such as the endings of nouns and verbs, and the like—and by what is more easily understood by people in general, by their still having many of the commonest and most necessary words, those words without which no language can get on, essentially the same.

2. Now, many of the nations which now speak these languages have for ages been so far parted from one another, that it is quite impossible that they can have borrowed these words, and still less these grammatical forms, from one another. We can thus see that all these nations are really kinsfolk, that they once were only one nation, the different branches of which parted off from one another at a time long before written history begins.

3. But what we know of the languages of the various Aryan nations tells us something more than this. By the nature of the words which are common to all or most of the

kindred tongues, we can see what steps the forefathers of these various nations had already taken in the way of social life and regular government in the days before they parted asunder; and we can see that those steps were no small steps. Before there were such nations as Hindoos and Greeks and Germans, while the common forefathers of all were still only one people, they had risen very far indeed above the state of mere savages. They had already learnt to build houses, to plough the ground, and to grind their corn in a mill.

4. This is shown by the words for ploughing, building, and grinding, being still nearly the same in all the kindred languages. It is easy for any one to see that our word *mill* is the same as the Latin *mola*; and that our old word *to ear*—that is, *to plough*—the ground, which is sometimes used in the Old Testament, is the same as the Latin *arare*, which has the same meaning. But no one ought to fancy that the English word is derived from the Latin, or that we learned the use of the thing from any people who spoke Latin; because the same words are found also in many other of the kindred languages, even those which are spoken in countries which are farthest removed from one another.

5. We see then that words of this kind—and I have only chosen two out of many—are really fragments remaining from the old common language which was spoken by our common forefathers before they branched off and became different nations. It is therefore quite plain that the things themselves, the names of which have thus been kept in so many different languages for thousands of years, were already known to the Aryan people before they parted into different nations. And I need not say that people who build houses, plough the ground, and grind their corn, though they may still have very much to learn, are in a much higher state than the people in some parts of the world are in even now.

6. But language again tells us something more of the early Aryan people than the progress which they had made in the merely mechanical arts. We find that the names for

various family relations, for the different degrees of kindred and affinity—*father, mother, brother, sister*, and the like—are the same in all or most of the kindred tongues. We see then that before the separation, the family life, the groundwork of all society and government, was already well understood and fully established. And we see too that regular government itself had already begun; for words meaning *king* or *ruler* are the same in languages so far distant from one another as Sanskrit, Latin, and English. The Latin words *rex, regere, regnum*, are the same as the old English *rica, rixian, rice*, words which have dropped out of the language, but which still remain in the ending of such words as *bishoprick*, where the last syllable means *government* and *possession*.

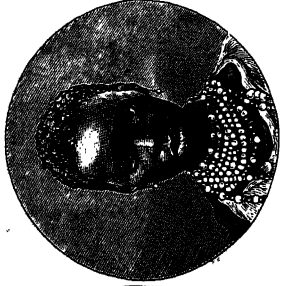
7. And we can also see that the Aryans before their dispersion had already something of a religion; for there is a common stock of words and tales common to most of the Aryan nations, many of which they cannot have borrowed from one another, and which point to an early reverence for the great powers of the natural world. Thus the same name for the sky, or for the great God of the sky, appears in very different languages; as *Dyaus* in Sanskrit, *Zeus* in Greek, and the old English God *Tiw*, from whom we still call the third day of the week *Tiuesdæg* or *Tuesday*. And there are a number of stories about various gods and heroes found among different Aryan nations, all of which seem to come from one common source.

8. And we may go on, and see that the first glimpses which we can get of the forms of government in the early days of the kindred nations show them to have been wonderfully like one another. Alike among the old Greeks, the old Italians, and the old Germans, there was a *King* or Chief with limited power, there was a smaller *Council* of nobles or of old men, and a general *Assembly* of the whole people. Such was the old constitution of England, out of which our present constitution has grown step by step.

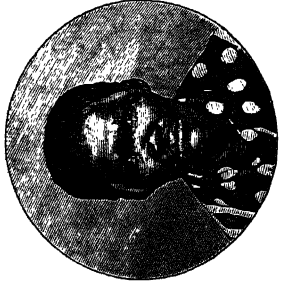
9. But there is no reason to think that this was at all peculiar to England, or even peculiar to those nations who



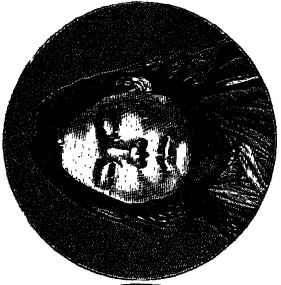
NEGRO (W. AFRICA).



BAROLONG (S. AFRICA).



HOTTENTOT.



GILYAK (N. ASIA).



JAPANESE.



COLORADO INDIAN (N. AMERICA).



ENGLISH.

are most nearly akin to the English. There is every reason to believe that this form of government in which every man had a place, though some had a greater place than others, was really one of the possessions which we have in common with the whole Aryan family.

10. We see, then, that our common Aryan forefathers, in the times when they were still one people—times so long ago that we cannot hope to give them any certain date—had already made advances in civilisation which placed them far above mere savages. They already had the family life; they already had the beginnings of religion and government; and they already knew most of those simple arts which are most needed for the comfort of human life.

11. *The Semitic Nations*.—Such then were the original Aryans—that one among the great families of mankind to which we ourselves belong, and that which has played the greatest part in the history of the world. Still the Aryan nations are only a small part among the nations of the earth. It is not needful for our purpose to speak at any length of the nations which are Aryan; but a few words must be given to the two great families which have always pretty well divided Europe and Asia with the Aryans, and with whom the history of the Aryans is constantly coming in contact.

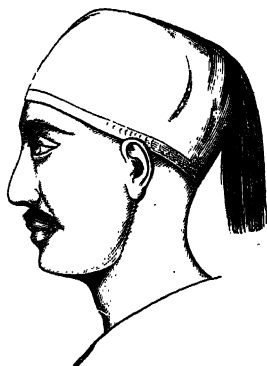
12. Next in importance to the Aryans we must place those which are called the *Semitic* nations, among whom those with whom we have most concern are the *Hebrews*, the *Phœnicians*, and the *Arabs*. Now the Semitic nations have, so to speak, kept much closer together than the Aryans have. They have always occupied a much smaller portion of the world than the Aryans, and they have kept much more in the same part of the world. Their chief seats have always been in south-western Asia, and though they spread themselves thence into distant parts of the world—in Asia, Africa, and even Europe—yet this has mainly been by settlements in comparatively late times, about whose history we know something. Their languages also have parted off much less from one another than the Aryan languages have; the Semitic nations have thus

always kept up more of the character of one family than the Aryans.

13. *The Turanian Nations.*—The rest of Asia, which is not occupied either by Aryan or by Semitic people, is occupied by various nations whose tongues differ far more widely from one another than the Aryan tongues do. Still there is reason to believe that many of them at least were originally one people; and at all events, it is convenient for our purposes to class together all those nations of Europe and Asia which are neither Aryan nor Semitic. The people of the greater part of Asia are commonly known



HEAD OF RAMESES II (ANCIENT EGYPT).



SHEIKH'S SON (MODERN EGYPT).

as the *Turanian* nations. In old Persian stories *Turan*, the land of darkness, is opposed to *Iran* or *Aria*, the land of light; and it is from this *Iran*, the old name of Persia, that it has been thought convenient to give the whole family the name of *Aryans*.

14. And besides that large part of Asia which is still occupied by the Turanians, it is plain that in earlier times they occupied a large part of Europe also. But the Aryans have driven them out of nearly all Europe, except a few remnants in out-of-the-way corners, such as the *Fins* and *Laps* in the north. The *Basques* also, on the borders of Spain and Gaul, whether akin to the Turanians or not, are

at least neither Aryan nor Semitic, so that for our purposes they may all go together. Except these few remnants of the old races, all Europe has been Aryan since the beginning of written history, except when Semitic or Turanian invaders have come in later times. But in Asia the nations which are neither Aryan nor Semitic—the *Chinese, Mongols, Turks*, and others—still far outnumber the Aryan and Semitic nations put together.

15. *The Aryan Dispersion*.—We have seen that there was a time, long before the beginning of recorded history, when the forefathers of the various Aryans dwelt together as one people, speaking one language. And the advances which they had made towards civilisation show that they must have dwelt together for a long time, but a time whose length we cannot undertake to measure. Nor can we undertake to fix a date for the time of the great separation, when the families which had



FINN (MAN).

hitherto dwelt together parted off in different directions and became different nations, speaking tongues which are easily seen to be near akin to each other, but which gradually parted from one another, so that different nations could no longer understand each other's speech.

16. All that we can say is, that these are facts which happened long before the beginnings of written history, but which are none the less certain because we learn them from another kind of proof. The various wandering bands must

have parted off at long intervals one by one; and it often happened that a band split off into two or more bands in the course of its wanderings. And in most cases they did not enter upon uninhabited lands but upon lands in which men of other races were already dwelling, among whom they appeared as conquerors, and whom, for the most part, they drove out of the best parts of the land into out-of-the-way corners.

17. First of all there are the two great divisions of the *Eastern* and the

Western, the *Asiatic* and the *European* Aryans — divisions which became altogether cut off from one another in geographical position and in habits and feelings. From the old mother-land one great troop pressed to the south-east, and became the forefathers of the *Persians* and *Hindoos*, driving the older inhabitants of India down to the south, into the land which is properly distinguished from *Hindustan* by the name of the *Deccan*. The other great troop pressed



FINN (WOMAN).

westward, and, sending off one swarm after another, formed the various Aryan nations of Europe. The order in which they came can be known only by their geographical position. The first waves of the migration must be those whom we find farthest to the *West* and farthest to the *South*.

E. A. FREEMAN.

VENICE

1. WHEN Attila, King of the Huns, devastated Italy in the middle of the fifth century, the citizens of Aquileia, Padua, and other towns on the Adriatic fled from the invader.

2. At the head of the gulf are about a hundred little islands, formed of mud and sand swept down by the rivers which drain the plains of northern Italy. These islands are surrounded by shallow water, and protected from the waves by long bars of sand, between which, by various narrow channels, vessels pass out and in. Upon these islands the Veneti, driven from the mainland, established themselves, and there they founded a city in the midst of the waters.

3. In their new home they missed the vines and the olives which clad their native slopes, as well as the bees and the cattle which they used to tend. The waste of wild sea-moor on which they now dwelt offered only a few patches of soil fit for cultivation, and these yielded but a scanty crop of stunted vegetables. The only supplies which Nature furnished were the fish which swarmed in the waters and the salt which encrusted the beds of the lagoons.

4. A more miserable, hopeless plight than that of the inhabitants of these little islands it would be hard to conceive, and yet out of their slender resources they built up Venice. The sandbanks which they contested with the sea-fowl became the site of a great and wealthy city, and their fish and salt formed the original basis of a world-wide commerce. Their progress, however, was slow and laborious. Seventy years after the settlement was formed they were still obliged to toil hard for a bare subsistence.

5. Some distinctions of rank—a tradition of their former condition—were maintained amongst them, but all were

reduced to an equality of poverty. Fish was the common, almost the only, food of all classes. None could boast a better dwelling than a rude hut of mud and osiers. Their only treasure consisted of salt, which they transported to the mainland, receiving in exchange various articles of food and clothing, and, not less important, wood for boat-building. The security in which they pursued these humble occupations was, however, envied by Italians who were groaning under the tyranny and rapine of the barbarians, and the island-colony received accessions of population.

6. The Venetians, who could scarcely stir from one spot to another except by water, became the most expert of seamen. Their vessels not only threaded the tortuous courses of the rivers and canals into the heart of the peninsula, but visited all the harbours of the Adriatic, and, gaining confidence, pushed out into the Mediterranean and opened up a trade with Greece and Constantinople. Thus Venice became the port of Italy and Germany, and the means of communication between them and the seat of the Roman Empire in the East.

7. Every year the ships of the Republic grew larger and more numerous. In the fourteenth century it had afloat a fleet of three thousand merchantmen, but of these some were only of ten tons burden, while few exceeded one hundred tons. Fishing-boats were probably included in the estimate. In addition there were about forty war-galleys, carrying eleven thousand men, which were kept cruising in different directions, for the protection of Venetian commerce.

8. The largest of the galleys was the famous *Bucentaur*, which, with its exterior of scarlet and gold, its long bank of burnished oars, its deck and seats inlaid with precious woods, its gorgeous canopy and throne, rivalled the magnificence of Cleopatra's barge. It was in this splendid vessel that the Doge went annually in state to celebrate the marriage of Venice with the Adriatic, by dropping a ring into its waters; thus symbolising the fact that a people whose habitations might be assigned either to earth or to water, were equally at home on both.



VENICE

9. With an extensive commerce, the Venetians combined several manufactures. They not only prepared immense quantities of salt, and cured fish, but found in their sands the material of that exquisite glass, so pure and yet so rich in hue, with which their name is still associated. The furnaces from which this beautiful product emanated were congregated, as they still are, in the island of Murano.

10. There were also brass and iron foundries; and the armourers of Venice were widely celebrated for the strength and beauty of their weapons, breastplates, helmets, and bucklers. The weaving of cloth-of-gold was another important industry. This costly and gorgeous material was in great demand in the Courts of France and Germany. Charlemagne himself was rarely seen without a robe of Venetian pattern and texture.

11. It was thus that Venice grew rich. The mud huts gradually gave place to palaces, and the peasants were transformed into haughty nobles. "The Venetians are grown so proud," says an old traveller in the fifteenth century, "that when one has a son the saying goes, 'A lord is born into the world!'" In the beginning of the same century it was reckoned that there were at least a thousand nobles in the city, whose yearly incomes ranged from 4000 to 70,000 ducats, and that at a time when 3000 ducats bought a palace.

12. At the end of the twelfth century the population was 70,000, exclusive of persons in holy orders. Two hundred years later it had increased nearly fourfold.

13. Venice was then, as now, a city intersected by innumerable water highways, bordered by marble mansions mingled with tenements of wood, studded with churches, and having public squares confined on three sides by houses, while on the remaining side a quay overlooked the sea. The streets bustled with traffic. Gondolas skimmed rapidly along the canals. The merchants assembled on the Rialto, and the money-changers spread their tables under the shadow of the Campanile.

13. The Bank of Venice—the first institution of the kind ever established—the credit of which was guaranteed

by the State, attested at once the wisdom and the commercial enterprise of the City of the Waters. In the shops every article of use, luxury, or ornament could be obtained. Contractors of all kinds and of different nations resorted thither, and the ships of every flag loaded and unloaded at the quays.

15. The rivalry of Genoa forms a large element in the history of Venice. The two republics were deadly and relentless enemies. Whenever their ships met there was a fight; and in a narrow sea like the Mediterranean, where in some cases they frequented the same ports, they met very often.

16. In 1261 a rupture with the Byzantine Government at Constantinople led to the exclusion of the Venetians from the trade of the Black Sea. Genoa for a time was in the ascendant. A desperate war ensued, which at the end of four years terminated in the triumph of the Venetians, whose maritime and commercial supremacy was thus indicated. The object of the struggle—the trade of the Black Sea—was, however, lost to the victors as well as to the vanquished; for the Turks intervened and imposed their paralysing influence on the commerce and industry of those parts. Within the Mediterranean Venice remained without a rival. The blow which proved fatal to her influence came from without, and was as unexpected as it was inevitable. It was the discovery of a sea passage to India, which set aside the old caravan routes, of which Venice formed, as it were, the European centre.

C. A. FYFFE.

ODE ON SOLITUDE

1. HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air

In his own ground:

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire :

2. Blest, who can unconcernedly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
Together mixed ; sweet recreation,
And innocence which most does please
With meditation.
3. Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

ALEXANDER POPE.

BATTLE OF TEL-EL-KEBIR

1. THE most complete success has attended our attack upon the enemy's position, and not only has Tel-el-Kebir fallen into our hands, but the Egyptian army has ceased to exist. When I despatched my telegram yesterday evening, the troops were all at work striking and rolling up tents, packing baggage, and carrying everything to the side of the railway. That duty finished, they fell in.

2. The first move was a short one, being only to the sandhills above the camp. Their arms were piled, and the men lay down on the sand, or sat and chatted quietly over the coming fight. At one o'clock the word was passed

round, and they again fell in. Never did a body of fourteen thousand men get under arms more quietly; the very orders appeared to be given in lowered tones, and almost noiselessly the dark columns moved off, their footfalls being deadened by the sand.

3. The silence, broken only by the occasional clash of steel, the certainty that the great struggle would commence with the dawn, and the expectation that at any moment we might be challenged by the Bedouin horsemen, far out in the plain in front of the enemy, all combined to make it an impressive march, and one which none who shared it will ever forget.

4. There were frequent halts to enable the regiments to keep in the line, and to allow the transport-waggons, whose wheels crunched over the sandy plains with a noise which to our ears seemed strangely loud, to keep up with us. On our right was Graham's brigade, which has already done good service by twice repelling the assaults of the enemy upon this camp. Next to them came the Guards Brigade, which was, when the action began, to act in support of that of Graham.

5. Between these and the Canal moved the forty-two guns of the Royal Artillery under General Goodenough. On the railway itself the Naval Brigade advanced with a forty-pounder on a truck. South of the Canal the Highland Brigade led the advance, followed by the Indian troops in support. The cavalry and horse artillery had started due north to make a long detour and to come down upon the enemy's line of retreat.

6. By early dawn the troops had arrived within a thousand yards of the enemy's line, and halted there for a short time to enable the fighting-line to be formed, and other preparations to be made. A perfect silence still reigned over the plain, and it was difficult to credit the fact that some fourteen thousand men lay in a semicircle round the enemy's lines, ready to dash forward at a signal to the low sandy heaps in front, behind which twice as many men slumbered, unconscious of the presence of their foes.

7. As is usual in a movement carried out in the darkness, many detached parties altogether lost their way. I was with the mounted police, and for a while we completely lost the rest of the force, and moved hither and thither all night, until just at daybreak we nearly stumbled into the enemy's lines. The attack began on our left, and nothing could be imagined finer than the advance of the Highland Brigade. The 7th were next to the canal; next to them were the Camerons; the Gordon Highlanders continued the line, with the Black Watch upon their flank. The 46th and 60th formed the second line.

8. Swiftly and silently the Highlanders moved forward to the attack. No word was spoken, no shot fired, until within three hundred yards of the enemy's earthworks, nor up to that time did a sound in the Egyptian lines betoken that they were aware of the presence of their assailants. Then suddenly a terrific fire flashed along the line of sand-heaps, and a storm of bullets whizzed over the heads of the advancing troops. A wild cheer broke from the Highlanders in response, the pipes struck shrilly up, bayonets were fixed, and at the double this splendid body of men dashed forward.

9. The first line of entrenchments was carried, the enemy offering scarce any resistance; but from another line of entrenchments behind, which in the still dim light could be scarcely seen, a burst of musketry broke out. For a few minutes the Highlanders poured in a heavy fire in exchange; but it was probably as harmless as that of the unseen enemy, whose bullets whistled harmlessly overhead. The delay of the advance was but a short one. Presently the order was given, and the brigade again went rapidly forward.

10. Soon a portion of the force had passed between the enemy's redoubts and opened a flanking fire upon him. This was too much for the Egyptians, who at once took to their heels and fairly ran, suffering, as the crowded masses rushed across the open, very heavily from our fire, being literally mown down by hundreds.

11. Meanwhile the fighting had begun on the other flank. The horse artillery shelled the enemy's extreme left. Here the Egyptians seemed more prepared than they had been on their right, and for a time kept up a steady fire. The 18th Royal Irish were sent between the enemy's left, under the guidance of Major Hart, who accompanied them as staff officer, and at the word dashed at the trenches and carried them at the bayonet's point, so turning the flank of the defenders of the position. Next to the 18th came the 87th, and next to them the 84th, the Guards being close up behind in support.

12. These regiments advanced by regular rushes. For a short time the enemy clung to his line of entrenchments, but his fire was singularly ineffective, and our troops got fairly into the trenches in front of them. Then the enemy fought stoutly for a few moments, and the combat was hand to hand. Major Hart shot one man as he was trying to wrest his revolver from his hand, and this even after the trench had been turned by our advance on their flank. Then, as our troops poured in, the Egyptians fled as rapidly as those on the other side of the Canal had done before the Highlanders.

13. The fight was now practically over, the only further danger arising from the bullets of our own troops, who were firing in all directions upon the fleeing enemy, as with loud cheers our whole line advanced in pursuit. The Egyptians did not preserve the slightest semblance of order, but fled in a confused rabble at their utmost speed. As we descended the hill leading down to Tel-el-Kebir station, we captured the standing camp, with immense stores of forage and provision.

WAR CORRESPONDENT OF "THE STANDARD."

THE GREAT MART

1. WE shall consider this world as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view many commodities—riches, ease, fame, and knowledge. Everything

is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, are so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage; and such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally secure success.

2. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing everything else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by patient diligence and attention to the minutest articles of profit and expense. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure and of a free, unsuspecting temper. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust things. You must shut your heart against the Muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments, but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside to the right hand or to the left. "But I cannot submit to drudgery like this; I feel a spirit above it!" 'Tis well; be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

3. Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. "But," says the man of letters, "what a hardship is it that many an illiterate fellow who cannot construe the motto of the arms on his coach shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!" But was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight lamp? "What reward have I then for all my labours?" What reward? Have you not a soul well purged from vulgar prejudices, and able to comprehend the works of man,—of God; a cultivated mind, replenished with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and

reflection ; a perpetual spring of fresh ideas ; and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence ? What reward can you ask besides ?

4. "But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation ?" Not in the least ; he made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it ; and will you envy him his bargain ? will you hang your head and blush in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show ? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true, but it is because I have not desired them ; it is because I possess something better.

5. The man whose tender sensibility of conscience makes him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of worldly honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferments." And why can you not ? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way ? If it be a small thing to enjoy inward freedom from remorse and perturbation, and a genuine integrity, pure in the last recesses of the mind,—if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or what you please.

MRS. BARBAULD.

DEATH THE LEVELLER

1. THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate :
Death lays his icy hand on kings :

Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

2. Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant with laurels where they kill ;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
 They tame but one another still :
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

3. The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds !
 Your heads must come
 To the cold Tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just,
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

J. SHIRLEY.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

1. THE stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country ; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets ; he must visit castles, villas, farmhouses, cottages ; he must wander through parks and gardens, along hedges and green lanes ; he must loiter about country churches ; attend wakes and fairs and other rural festivals ; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and in all their habits and humours.

2. In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation ; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is

inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and, having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighbourhoods afford specimens of different ranks.

3. The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the



GOING HUNTING

rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a taste for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden and the maturing of his fruits as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have

something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass plot and flower-bed, and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

4. Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavourable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling in this huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit he is calculating how he shall economise time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis like London is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings they can deal but briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character; its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a glow.

5. It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegances of polite life, and to banish its restraints. Books, painting, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds are at hand. He puts no restraint upon either his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

6. The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape-gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms which in other countries she lavishes in wild

solitudes are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

7. Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare bounding away to the covert, or the pheasant suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake; the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classical sanctity to the seclusion.

8. These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand, and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance or silver gleam of water;—all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favourite picture.

9. The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and



AN ENGLISH CASTLE AND PARK

effeminacy which characterise the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favourably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities.

10. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the labouring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, it has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly, the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

11. In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life.

12. Indeed, the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together ; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country, and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

13. To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature ; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life ; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets,—that have continued down from “The Flower and the Leaf” of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit and become acquainted with her general charms ; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her,—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts, they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

14. The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the islands is level, and would be monotonous were it not for the charms of culture ; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture ; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

15. The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well established principles of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants. The stile and footpath leading from the church across pleasant fields and along shady hedgerows according to an immemorial right of way. The neighbouring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees under which the forefathers of the present race have sported. The antique family mansion standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene. All these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF TIME

1. No regret for the irretrievable loss of fortune or of empire has ever been so deep as some have felt for the loss of their time. "All the treasures or glories of the world, if I possessed them, would I give to recover a few years—one year—one month;" but vain, desponding, despairing wish!

2. If the people of any tract or colony suffered disasters and losses in their valuable stores or plantations, whether by fire, tempest, or plunder, would their right policy be to

be careless of the residue? So we—the more our days are beset by things that grievously invade them, disturb them, waste them,—the more careful and zealous should we be to save and improve all that we can. Let not the enemy have to show *all* our most valuable substance as the wrecks or the spoils of their warfare upon our life.

3. To this end, it is of the highest importance that time should be, if we may express it so, a REALITY in our perception and estimate; that we should verify it as an actual something, like a substance to which we can attach a positive value, and see it as wasting or as improved, as palpably as the contents of a granary or as the precious metals. The unfortunate case with us is that time is apprehended but like air, or rather like empty space, so that in wasting it we do not *see* that we are destroying or misusing a reality.

4. In losing, in wasting, a day or an hour we have no perception like what we should have in burning or in throwing down a stream a valuable article that is tangible and visible, such as a useful implement, an instructive book, a quantity of corn, or pieces of money. But a great object is to attain a perception of something like this. The simple way to attain this sense of time's reality is the habit of thinking what could be *done* in so much time. Time is equivalent to what could be done or gained in it. A portion of it thrown away, therefore, should be accounted of as just that thrown away which could have been gained by improving it.

5. If a person is so foolish as to throw away a valuable piece of money into a pit or the sea, he does not, indeed, *literally* throw away anything but the metal, but *virtually* he throws away whatever best thing it would have purchased—it may be bread or clothing, or refreshments or medicines for the sick, or an instructive book. When this habit is acquired of verifying time as a reality, small pieces and fragments of it will acquire a perceptible value never apprehended before. And then the painful reflection may often occur, "How rich I have been,—had I but been aware of it!"

JOHN FOSTER.

RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN

PART I

1. THERE is something patriarchal still lingering about rural life in Sweden which renders it a fit theme for song. Almost primeval simplicity reigns over that northern land—almost primeval solitude and stillness. You pass out from the gate of the city, and, as if by magic, the scene changes to a wild woodland landscape.

2. Around you are forests of fir. Overhead hang the long fan-like branches trailing with moss, and heavy with red and blue cones. Under foot is a carpet of yellow leaves; and the air is warm and balmy. On a wooden bridge you cross a little silver stream, and anon come forth into a pleasant and sunny land of farms. Wooden fences divide the adjoining fields.

3. Across the road are gates, which are opened by troops of children. The peasants take off their hats as you pass; you sneeze, and they cry, "God bless you!" The houses in the villages and smaller towns are built of hewn timber, and for the most part painted red. The floors of the taverns are strewn with the fragrant tips of fir-boughs.

4. In many villages there are no taverns, and the peasants take turns in receiving travellers. The thrifty housewife shows you into the best chamber, the walls of which are hung round with rude pictures from the Bible, and brings you her heavy silver spoon—an heirloom—to nip the curdled milk from the pan. You have oaten cakes baked some months before, or bread with anise-seed and coriander in it, or perhaps a little pine-bark.

5. Meanwhile the sturdy husband has brought the horses from the plough, and harnessed them to your carriage. Solitary travellers come and go in uncouth one-horse chaises. Most of them have pipes in their mouths, and hanging around their necks in front a leather wallet, in which they carry tobacco and the great bank-notes of the country, as large as your two hands.

6. You meet also groups of peasant-women travelling homeward or townward in pursuit of work. They walk barefoot, carrying in their hands their shoes, which have high heels under the hollow of the foot, and soles of birch-bark.

7. Frequent too are the village churches standing by the roadsides, each in its own little churchyard. In the parish register great events are doubtless recorded. Some old king was christened or buried in that church; and a little sexton, with a rusty key, shows you the baptismal font or the coffin. In the churchyard are a few flowers and much green grass; and daily the shadow of the church-spire, with its long tapering finger, counts the tombs, which represent the dial-plate of human life, on which the hours and minutes are the graves of men.

8. The stones are flat, and large, and low, and perhaps sunken, like the roofs of old houses. On some are armorial bearings; on others only the initials of the poor tenants, with a date, as on the roofs of Dutch cottages. They all sleep with their heads to the westward. Each held a lighted taper in his hand when he died; and in the coffin were placed his little heart-treasures, and a piece of money for his last journey.

9. Babies that came lifeless into the world were carried in the arms of gray-haired old men to the only cradle they ever slept in; and in the shroud of the dead mother were laid the little garments of the child that lived and died in her bosom. And over this scene the village pastor looks from his window in the stillness of midnight, and says in his heart, "How quietly they rest, all the departed!"

10. Near the churchyard gate stands a poor-box, fastened to a post by iron bands, and secured by a padlock, with a sloping wooden roof to keep off the rain. If it be Sunday, the peasants sit on the church steps and con their psalm-books. Others are coming down the road with their beloved pastor, who talks to them of holy things from beneath his broad-brimmed hat. He speaks of fields and harvests, and of the parable of the sower that went forth to sow.

11. He leads them to the Good Shepherd, and to the

pleasant pastures of the spirit-land. He is their patriarch, and, like Melchizedek, both priest and king, though he has no other throne than the church pulpit. The women carry psalm-books in their hands, wrapped in silk handkerchiefs, and listen devoutly to the good man's words. The young men are busy counting the plaits in the kirtles of the peasant-girls, their number being an indication of the wearer's wealth. It may end in a wedding.

RURAL LIFE IN SWEDEN

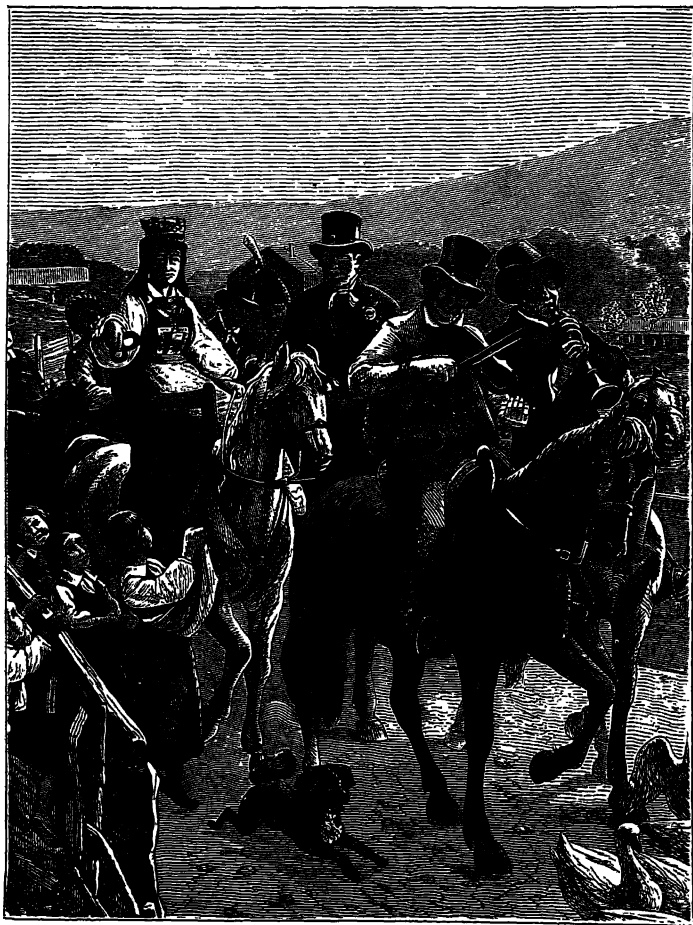
PART II

1. I WILL endeavour to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer-time, that there may be flowers ; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air ; and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with golden locks, arises in the east, just as our earthly bridegroom with yellow hair arises in the south.

2. In the yard there is a sound of voices and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that has to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers upon his forehead and a garland of corn-flowers around his neck. Friends from the neighbouring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming to the wind ; and finally, the happy bridegroom, with a whip in his hand and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his black jacket, comes forth from his chamber. Then to horse, and away towards the village where the bride already sits and waits !

3. Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding-guests, half of them perhaps with pistols and guns in their hands.

4. A kind of baggage-waggon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, adorned with flowers and ribbons and evergreens ; and as they pass



A VILLAGE WEDDING IN SWEDEN.

beneath it, the wedding-guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops.

5. Provisions are brought from the waggon, and after

eating and drinking and hurrahing, the procession moves forward again and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighbouring forest and pray for hospitality.

6. "How many are you?" asks the bride's father. "At least three hundred," is the answer; and to this the host replies, "Yes, were you seven times as many you should all be welcome, and in token thereof receive this cup." Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after, the whole jovial company come storming into the father's yard, and riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

7. On the threshold stands the bride, with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red bodice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a gilded belt around her waist, and around her neck are strings of golden beads and a golden chain. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair; and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground.

8. O thou good soul! thou hast hard hands but a soft heart! Thou art poor: the very ornaments thou wearest art not thine; they have been hired for this great day. Yet thou art rich—rich in health, rich in hope, rich in thy first young fervent love. The blessings of heaven be upon thee!

9. So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of bride and bridegroom, saying in deep, solemn tones, "I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honour; and to share thy house, thy lock and key, and every third penny which you two may possess, or may inherit, and all the rights which Upland's laws provide and the holy King Eric gave."

10. The dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of his fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and

invites the Saviour to be present at the marriage-feast as He was at the marriage-feast of Cana of Galilee.

11. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass round between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while they wait for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner.

12. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and the priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not till after midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a ring around the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavour to break through the magic circle and seize their new sister.

13. After long struggling they succeed. The crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and her bodice is unlaced, and her kirtle taken off; and like a Vestal Virgin, clad all in white, she goes—but it is to her marriage-chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE STORY OF MACBETH

PART I

1. WHEN Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a greatthane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

2. When the two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, were returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild

attire made them not look like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips in token of silence, and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him—"All hail! king that shall be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo they pronounced him, in somewhat riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy but much happier!*—and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air and vanished, by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters or witches.

3. While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor. An event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

4. Turning to Banquo he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

5. But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time

he bent all his thoughts how to obtain the throne of Scotland.

6. Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman; and provided only that her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood; and she did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.

7. It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphant success of his wars.

8. The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting eaves of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well-pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honoured hostess, Lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles, and could look like the innocent flower while she was indeed the serpent under it.

9. The king, being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents, before he retired, to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to Lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

10. Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer are abroad. This was the time when Lady Macbeth waked to

plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between and defeat the purpose.

11. So that with her own hands, armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed, having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine that they slept intoxicated and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father, and she had not the courage to proceed.

12. She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject but a near kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would these honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

13. In these conflicts of the mind, Lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part and resolving to proceed no further. But she, being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his

mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come, sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her; but she would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast and dashed its brains out, if she had sworn so to do it as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken, sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

THE STORY OF MACBETH

PART II

1. So taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

2. Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's room, and despatched him with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms who slept in the chamber laughed in his sleep, and the other cried "Murder!" which woke them both; but they said a short prayer—one of them said "God bless us!" and the other answered "Amen,"—and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen" when the fellow said "God bless us!"—but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

3. Again he thought he heard a voice which cried "Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep that nourishes life!" Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

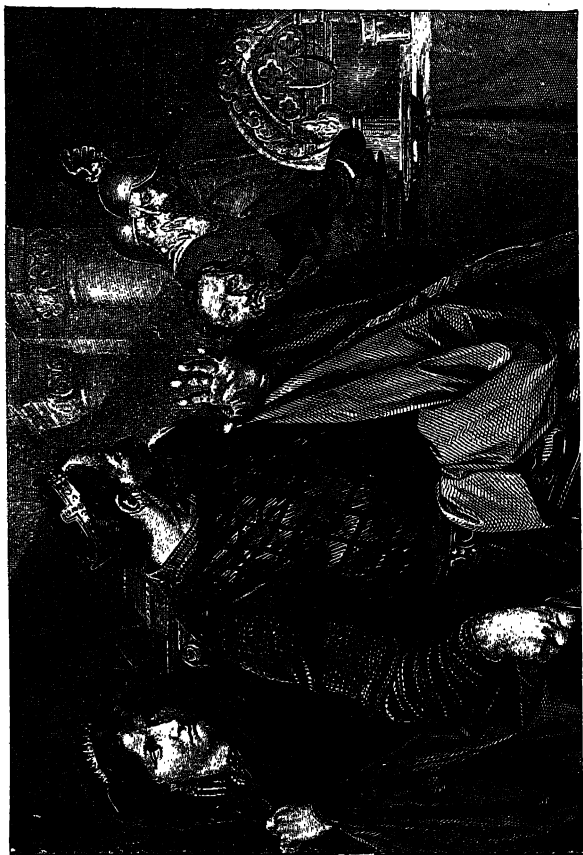
4. With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

5. Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them, and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought refuge in the English Court, and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

6. The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

7. Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood and done so great crimes only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

8. For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes ; and among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance



MACBETH CONTINUED TO SEE THE GHOST

were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo, but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs

who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

9. At supper the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present; and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

10. To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleep afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

11. He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal them to futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this, to have effect, must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, slips of the yew-tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child: all these were set on to boil in a great kettle or caldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood; to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweated from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

12. It was demanded of Macbeth whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name and bid him beware of the thane of Fife, for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

13. And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him; and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the king; "what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live; that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

14. That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand.

15. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying that he should never be vanquished until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements! good!" cried Macbeth; "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the caldron sunk into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more; and Banquo, all bloody, smiled upon Macbeth and pointed to them, by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

THE STORY OF MACBETH

PART III

1. THE first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

2. These and such like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army which they had raised in England, and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruiting went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant, nobody loved or honoured him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst: neither steel nor poison, neither domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

3. While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt and the public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

4. He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it) "with armour on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege: here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm. Then upon a day there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred that as he stood upon his watch on the hill he looked towards Birnam and, to his thinking, the wood began to move!

5. "Liar and slave!" cried Macbeth; "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree till famine

end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me :”—for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane ; and now a wood did move. “However,” said he, “if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end.” With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

6. The strange appearance which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily explained. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had, at a distance, the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great stronghold of his confidence was gone.

7. And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued ; Macduff reproaching Macbeth bitterly for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with the blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat, but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

8. Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him ; and smiling

confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou lovest thy labour, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

9. "Despair thy charm," said Macduff; "and let that lying spirit, whom thou hast served, tell thee that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother."

10. "Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence giving way; "and never let man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

11. "Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!'"

12. "Never!" said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm: who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER

1. SIR CHARLES NAPIER was another Indian leader of extraordinary courage and determination. He once said

of the difficulties with which he was surrounded in one of his campaigns, "They only make my feet go deeper into the ground." His battle of Meeanee was one of the most



SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

extraordinary feats in history. With two thousand men, of whom only four hundred were Europeans, he encountered an army of thirty-five thousand hardy and well-armed Beloochees. It was an act, apparently, of the most daring

temerity ; but the general had faith in himself and his men. He charged the Belooch centre up a high bank which formed their rampart in front, and for three mortal hours the battle raged. Each man of that small force, inspired by the chief, became for the time a hero.

2. The Beloochees, though twenty to one, were driven back, but with their faces to the foe. It is this sort of pluck, tenacity, and determined perseverance which wins soldiers' battles, and indeed every battle. It is the one neck nearer that wins the race and shows the blood ; it is the one march more that wins the campaign ; the five minutes' more persistent courage that wins the fight. Though your force be less than another's, you equal and outmaster your opponent if you continue it longer and concentrate it more. The reply of the Spartan father, who said to his son, when complaining that his sword was too short, "Add a step to it," is applicable to everything in life.

3. Napier took the right method of inspiring his men with his own heroic spirit. He worked as hard as any private in the ranks. "The great art of commanding," he said, "is to take a fair share of the work. The man who leads an army cannot succeed unless his whole mind is thrown into his work. The more trouble, the more labour must be given ; the more danger, the more pluck must be shown till all is overpowered." A young officer who accompanied him in his campaign in the Cutchee Hills once said, "When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle who am young and strong? I would go into a loaded cannon's mouth if he ordered me." This remark, when repeated to Napier, he said was ample reward for his toils.

4. The anecdote of his interview with the Indian juggler strikingly illustrates his cool courage as well as his remarkable simplicity and honesty of character. On one occasion, after the Indian battles, a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the General, his family, and staff. Among other performances this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the

hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the *Talisman*. To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand and said he would not make the trial. "I thought I should find you out!" exclaimed Napier. "But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand." The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat." "But why the left hand and not the right?" "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less."

5. Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it. So much (he added) for the brave swordsmen of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."

DR. SMILES.

MERCY

THE quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The thronéd monarch better than his crown.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
 It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God Himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice. . . .

We do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR

PART I

1. LEAR, King of Britain, had three daughters—Goneril, wife to the Duke of Albany ; Regan, wife to the Duke of Cornwall ; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the King of France and the Duke of Burgundy were joint suitors ; and they were at this time making stay for that purpose in the Court of Lear.

2. The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

3. Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assur-

ance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

4. Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his Highness; insomuch that she found all other joys dead in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

5. Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

6. Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking, no doubt, that she would gladden his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this,—that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

7. The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech lest it should mar her fortunes.

8. Cordelia then told her father that he was her father, that he had given her breeding and loved her; that she returned those duties back, as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands if (as they said) they had no love

for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half of her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father only.

9. Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time in more daughter-like and loving terms and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

10. This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he took back the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers, bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king. All the rest of royalty he resigned, with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, should be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughter's palaces in turn.

11. So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath except the Earl of Kent, who was beginning to

speaking a good word for Cordelia when the passionate Lear commanded him to desist on pain of death ; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master ; and had never thought his life more than a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive ; nor, now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but he manfully opposed Lear to do Lear good, and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters) and go by his advice still, and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness, for he would answer with his life his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him whose life was already at his service ? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

12. The honest freedom of this good Earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and, like a frantic patient who kills his physician and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure ; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said that, since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there ; and before he went he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought and so discreetly spoken, and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love ; and then he went, as he had said, to shape his old course to a new country.

13. The King of France and Duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about

his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her. The Duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the King of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father,—it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters,—took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the Duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

14. Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions; and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia departed with a heavy heart, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR

PART II

1. CORDELIA was no sooner gone than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend, by agreement, with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to

bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her she would feign sickness, or anything, to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense.

2. Not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

3. True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill* than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good* usage. This eminently appears in the instance of good Earl Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so that it can but do service where it owes an obligation!

4. In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answer which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much

reason to be sick of), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his former great favourite, the high and mighty Earl of Kent.

5. This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master, for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his Majesty, made no more ado, but presently tripped up his heels and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel, for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

6. Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool or jester that had been of his palace, while Lear had a palace, clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself and giving all away to his daughters, at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

“ For sudden joy did weep
And he for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.”

7. And in such wild sayings and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart, even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick; such as comparing the king to a hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear but the shadow of Lear; for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

8. The coolness and falling off in respect which Lear

had begun to perceive were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter ; she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient, so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights ; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feasting ; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

9. Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth ; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting and feasting, as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights ; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and made a child more hideous than a sea monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril in a way that was terrible to hear, praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him ; that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child.

10. And Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared in comparison with her sister's, and he wept ; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

11. Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace, and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan accusing her father of waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met; and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear!

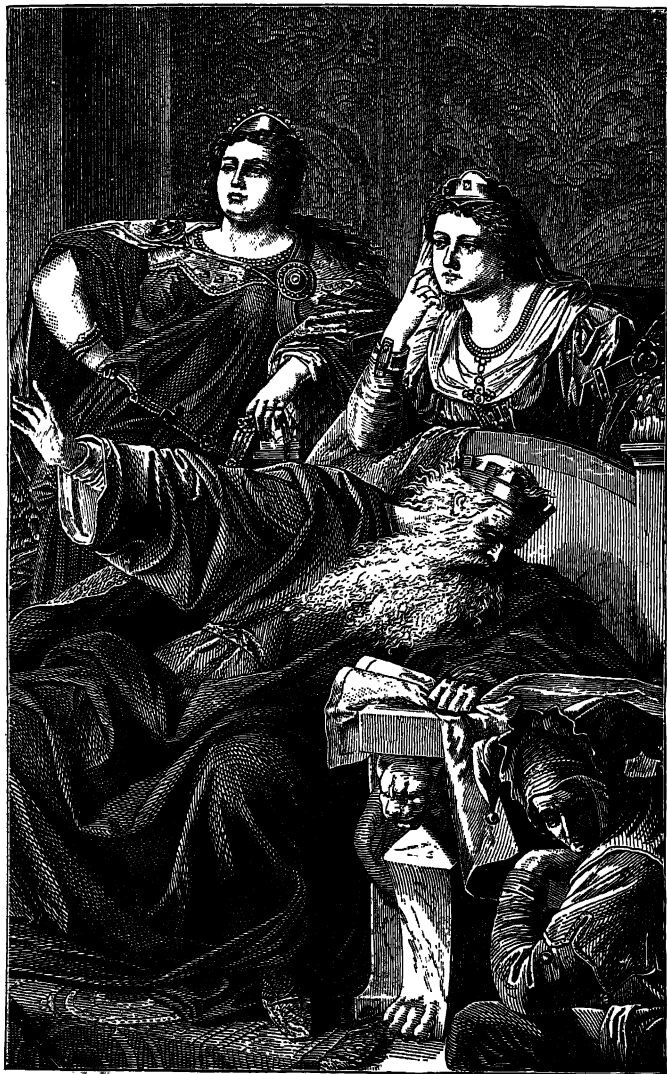
12. Caius, not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, but the fellow refused, so Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved; and when this came to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king, her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect; so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

THE HISTORY OF KING LEAR

PART III

1. THIS was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect, but a worse followed when, upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night and could not see him; and when, lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story and set her sister against the king her father.

2. It much moved the old man to see this, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked



KING LEAR

Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness, for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and guided by persons that had more discretion than himself. Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said that she had not forgotten the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

3. But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment from Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five and twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself and said, "What need of so many as five and twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants?"

4. So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father who had been so good to them, by little and little would have deprived him of all his train and all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom) which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in

his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

5. While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning and rain began; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

6. The winds were high and the rain and storm increased when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, which were less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did King Lear wander out and defy the winds and the thunder: and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still remained with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was a bad night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing. He swore it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

7. Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good Earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "Alas! sir are you here? creatures that love night love not such nights as these. This dreadful

storm has driven the beasts to their hiding-places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked him and said these lesser evils were not felt where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease the body has leisure to be delicate; but the tempest in his mind took all other feeling from his senses but that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

8. But the good Caius, still persisting in the entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entered, and suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor mad beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frightened the fool. The king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass; for nothing, he thought, could bring a man to such wretchedness but having unkind daughters.

9. By this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill-usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy Earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as Earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and there in such moving terms represented the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sister, that this

good and loving child, with many tears, besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

10. Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians whom the good Earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, mad, and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw and nettles and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting till, by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

11. A tender sight it was to see the meeting between the father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault, in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him so wild that he scarce remembered where he was or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him; and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then he would fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia!

12. And she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be

ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father, with his white beard, out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bitten her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire on such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France on purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did, but that, to be sure, she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause,—no more than they had.

13. So we will leave this old king in the protection of this dutiful and loving child, where by the help of sleep and medicine she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

14. These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection; and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late Earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. As it chanced out about this time that the Duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this Earl of Gloucester, and as this roused the jealousy of her sister, to whom, as well as to Regan, this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband the Duke of Albany for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl, which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an

end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

15. While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to wonder at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion ; but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad Earl of Gloucester were victorious ; and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

16. Before he died, the good Earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill-usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius ; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person ; so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time ; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

17. How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad Earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl ; and how Goneril's husband, the Duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his wife in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, it is needless here to narrate ; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

MAN AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS

1. As industrial creatures, we often look like wretched copyists of animals far beneath us in the scale of organisation; and we seem to confess as much by the names which we give them. The mason-wasp, the carpenter-bee, the mining caterpillars, the quarrying sea-slugs, execute their work in a way which we cannot rival or excel. The bird is an exquisite architect; the beaver a most skilful bridge-builder; the silk-worm the most beautiful of weavers; the spider the best of net-makers. Each is a perfect craftsman, and each has his tools always at hand.

2. Those wise creatures, I believe, have minds like our own, to the extent that they have minds, and are not mere living machines, swayed by a blind instinct; but their most wonderful works imply no invention, contrivance, or volition, but only a placid, pleasant, easily-rendered obedience to instincts which reign without rivals, and justify their despotic rule by the infallible happiness which they secure. It has cost none of these ingenious artists any intellectual effort to learn its craft, for God gave it to each, perfect in the beginning; and, within the circle to which they apply, the rules which guide their work are infallible and know no variation.

3. To those creatures, however, the Author of all has given, not only infallible rules for their work, but unfaltering faith in them. Labour is for them not a doubt, but a certainty. Duty is the same thing as happiness. They never grow weary of life, and death never surprises them; and they are less to be likened to us than to perfect self-repairing machines, which swiftly raise our admiration from themselves to Him who made and who sustains them.

4. We are industrial for other reasons, and in a different way. Our working instincts are very few; our faith in them is still more feeble; and our physical wants are far greater than those of any other creature. Indeed, the one half of the Industrial Arts are the result of our being born

without clothes ; the other half, of our being born without tools.

5. I do not propose to offer you a catalogue of the arts which our unclothedness compels us to foster. The shivering savage in the colder countries robs the seal and the bear, the buffalo and the deer, of the one mantle which Nature has given them. The wild huntsman by a swift but simple transmutation becomes the clothier, the tailor, the tanner, the currier, the leather-dresser, the glover, the saddler, the shoemaker, the tentmaker. And the tentmaker, the arch-architect of one of the great schools of architecture, becomes quickly a housebuilder, building with snow where better material is not to be had ; and a shipbuilder, constructing out of a few wooden ribs and stretched animal-skins, canoes which, as sad experience has shown, may survive where English ships of oak have gone to destruction.

6. Again : the unchilled denizen of the warmer regions seeks a covering, not from the cold, but from the sun which smites him by day, and the moon which smites him by night. The palm, the banana, the soft-barked trees, the broad-leaved sedges and long-fibred grasses are spoiled by him, as the beasts of the field are by his colder brother. He becomes a sower, a reaper, a spinner, a weaver, a baker, a brewer, a distiller, a dyer, a carpenter ; and whilst he is these, he bends the pliant stems of his tropical forests into roof-trees and rafters, and clothes them with leaves, and makes for himself a tabernacle of boughs, and so is the arch-architect of a second great school of architecture ; and by and by his twisted branches and interlaced leaves grow into Grecian columns with Corinthian acanthus-capitals, and Gothic pillars with petrified plants and stony flowers gracefully curling round them.

7. Once more : in those temperate regions where large animals and trees do not greatly abound, turfs, or mud, or clay, or stones, or all together, can be fashioned into that outermost garment which we call a house, and which we most familiarly connect with the notion of architecture.

8. It is not, however, his cultivation either of the arts

which have been named or of others that makes man peculiar as an industrial animal ;—it is the mode in which he practises them. The first step he takes towards remedying his nakedness and helplessness is in a direction in which no other creature has led the way, and none has followed his example. He lays hold of that most powerful of all weapons of peace or war, *Fire*, from which every other animal, unless when fortified by man's presence, flees in terror ; and with it alone not only clothes himself, but lays the foundation of a hundred arts.

9. Man may be defined as the only animal that can strike a light,—the solitary creature that knows how to kindle a fire. This is a very fragmentary definition of the "Paragon of animals," but it is enough to make him the conqueror of all the rest. The most degraded savage has discovered how to rub two sticks together, or whirl the point of one in a socket in the other till the wood is kindled. And civilised man, as much as his savage brother, is a fire-worshipper in his practical doings. The great conquering peoples of the world have been those who knew best how to deal with fire. The most wealthy of the active nations are those which dwell in countries richly provided with fuel. No inventions have changed the entire world more than steam and gunpowder. We are what we are, largely, because we are the ministers and masters of Fire.

10. Clothes-less creatures by birth, we are also tool-less ones. Every other animal is by nature fully equipped and caparisoned for its work ; its tools are ready for use, and it is ready to use them. We have first to invent our tools, then to fashion them, and then to learn how to handle them. Two-thirds, at least, of our industrial doings are thus preliminary. Before two rags can be sewed together we require a needle, which embodies the inventiveness of a hundred ingenious brains ; and a hand, which only a hundred botchings and failures have, in the lapse of years, taught to use the instrument with skill.

11. It is so with all the crafts, and they are inseparably dependent one on another. The mason waits on the

carpenter for his mallet, and the carpenter on the smith for his saw; the smith on the smelter for his iron, and the smelter on the miner for his ore. Each, moreover, needs the help of all the others;—the carpenter the smith, as much as the smith the carpenter; and both the mason, as much as the mason both. This helplessness of the single craftsman is altogether peculiar to the human artist. The lower animals are all polyartists, amongst whom there are no degrees of skill; and they have never heard of such a doctrine as that of the division of labour.

12. The industrialness, then, of man is carried out in a way quite peculiar to himself, and singularly illustrative of his combined weakness and greatness. The most helpless, physically, of animals, and yet the one with the greatest number of pressing appetites and desires, he has no working instincts (at least after infancy) to secure the gratification of his most pressing wants, and no tools which such instincts can work by. He is compelled, therefore, to fall back upon the powers of his reason and understanding, and make his intellect serve him instead of a crowd of instinctive impulses, and his intellect-guided hand instead of an apparatus of tools. Before that hand, armed with the tools which it has fashioned, and that intellect, which marks man as made in the image of God, the instincts and weapons of the entire animal creation are as nothing. He reigns by right of conquest, as indisputably as by right of inheritance, the king of this world. GEORGE WILSON.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lilly in bloom,
 An Angel writing in a book of gold :—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
 The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God has blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

NATURE UNSUBDUED

PART I

1. WHEN man, at the word of his Maker, stood up to receive his birthright, God pronounced on him a benediction, and gave him this commission: "*Replenish the earth: subdue it: and have dominion over every living thing.*"

"*Subdue and have dominion.*" And Heaven's blessing was in these words.

2. But *what* is this subduing of the earth? *How* is nature brought under subjection? Man's highest glory consists in obedience to the Eternal Will. Is he not then in this case actually taking the reins into his own hands? Far from it. He is but yielding submission. He is learning that will, and placing himself, as Lord Bacon has said, in direct subserviency to divine laws. When he sets his sails and drives over the waves before the blast, feeling the pride of power in that the gale has been broken into a willing steed, he still looks up reverently and acknowledges that God in nature has been his teacher, and is his strength.

3. When he strikes the rock and out flows the brilliant metal, he admits that it is in obedience to a higher will than his own; and a reward of careful searching for truth in complete subjection to that will. When he yokes together a plate of copper and zinc, and urges them to action by a

cup of acid,—and then despatches burdens of thought on errands of thousands of miles,—man may indeed claim that he has nature at his bidding, subdued, a willing messenger; and yet it is so because man himself acts in perfect obedience to law. He may well feel exalted; but his exaltation proceeds from the fact that he has drawn from a higher source of strength than himself; and a mind not morally perverted will give the glory where it is due.

4. These are the rewards of a humble and teachable



spirit kneeling at the shrine of nature; and if there is indeed that forgetfulness of self, and that unalloyed love of truth which alone can ensure the highest success in research, this shrine will be viewed as only the portal to a holier temple, where God reigns in His purity and love.

5. The command, “subdue and have dominion,” is, then, a mark both of man’s power and of God’s power. It requires man to study his Maker’s works, that he may adapt himself to His laws, and use them to his advantage; —to become wise, that he may be strong;—to elevate and

ennoble mind, that matter may take its true place of subjection. It involves not merely a study of nature in the ordinary sense of those words, but also a study of man himself, and the utmost exaltation of the moral and mental qualities; for man is a part of nature; and moreover, to understand the teachings of Infinite Wisdom, the largest expansion of intellect and loftiest elevation of soul are requisite.

6. Solomon says that in his day "there was nothing new under the sun." What is, is what has been, and what shall be. The sentiment was not prompted by any modern scientific spirit,—impatience of so little progress,—for it is immediately connected with sighings for the good *old* times. Much the same spirit is often shown in these days, and elaborate addresses are sometimes written to prove that, after all our boasted progress, Egypt and Greece were the actual sources of existing knowledge. They point to the massy stones of the pyramids; the sublime temples and palaces of the old empires; the occasional utensils of half-transparent glass, and implements of bronze or iron, found among their buried ruins; the fine fabrics and costly Tyrian dyes;—they descant upon the wonderful perfection attained in the fine arts, in poetry and rhetoric, and the profound thought of the ancient philosophers: and then are almost ready to echo, "There is nothing new under the sun." What is, is what has been. *Those good old times!*

7. But what had those old philosophers, or the whole ancient world, done toward bringing nature under subjection, in obedience to the command, "subdue it"?

8. They had, it is true, built magnificent temples. But the taste of the architect, or that of the statuary or poet, is simply an emanation from the divine breath within man, and is cultivated by contemplation, and only surface-contact with nature.

9. They piled up Cyclopean rocks into walls and pyramids. But the use of the lever and pulley comes also from the workings of mind, and but shallow views of the world. And adding man to man till thousands have worked together, as in one harness, has been a common feat of despots from the time of the Pharaohs onward.

10. They educed profound systems of philosophy, showing a depth of thought since unsurpassed. But these ~~agents~~ were the results of cogitating mind, acting on its own might—glancing, it may be, at the landscape and the stars in admiration, but centring on man and mind; and often proving to be as erroneous as profound.

11. They cultivated the intellect, and made progress in political knowledge. But in their attempts to control nature they brought to bear little beyond *mere physical force*.

12. Although ancient wisdom treats of air, earth, fire, and water, not one of these so-called elements was, in any proper sense, brought under subjection.

13. The *Air*:—Was it subdued, when the old Roman still preferred his banks of oars, and on the land the wind was trained only to turn a windmill, carry off chaff, or work in a bellows?

14. Was the *Earth* subdued, when, instead of being forced to pour out in streams its wealth of various ores, but half a dozen metals were known? and instead of being explored and found to be marshalled, for man's command, under sixty or more elements, each with its laws of combination and all bound to serve the arts, the wisest minds saw only a mass of earth, something to tread upon, and grow grain and grass?

15. Was *Fire* subdued, when almost its only uses were to warm, and cook, and to bake clay, and few of its other powers were known besides those of destruction? or *Light*, when not even its component colours were recognised, and it served simply as a means of sight, in which man shared its use with brutes?

16. Was *Water* subdued, when it was left to run wild along the water-courses, and its ocean waves were a terror to all the sailors of the age? when steam was only the ephemeral vapour of a boiling kettle, yet unknown in its might, and unharnessed? when the clouds sent their shafts where they willed? when the constituents of water—the life-element *oxygen* and the inflammable *hydrogen*—had not yet yielded themselves to man as his vassals?

NATURE SUBDUED

PART II

I. HARDLY the initial step had been taken, through the thousands of years of the earth's existence, to acquire that control of nature which mind should have, and God had ordered. No wonder that nature unsubdued should have



proved herself a tyrant! The air, earth, water, fire, had become filled with fancied fiends, which any priest or priestess could evoke; and even the harmless moon, or two approaching or receding planets, or the accidental flight of a thoughtless bird, caused fearful forebodings; and a long-tailed comet made the whole world to shake with terror.

2. Man thus was the slave—nature, the feared master. Is this now true of nature? We know that, to a large extent, nature is yet unsearched and unsubdued. Still, vast progress has been made toward gaining control of her ten thousand agencies. In gathering this knowledge we have not sought for it among the faded monuments and rolls of the *ancients*, as we called the inhabitants of the earth's childhood, but have looked to records of vaster antiquity,—the writings of the Infinite God in creation, which are now as fresh with beauty and wisdom as when His finger first mapped out the heavens, or traced the flowers and crystals of the earth. This is the fountain whence we have drawn ; and what is the result ?

3. How is it with *water* in these last times? Instead of wasting its power in gambols down valleys, or in sluggish quiet about "sleepy hollows," it is trained to toil. With as much glee as it ever displayed running and leaping in its free channel, a single stream in America now turns over a million of spindles.

4. Changed to steam, there is a terror in its strength even now. Yet the laws of steam, of its production, condensation, and elasticity, have been so carefully studied, and also the strength and other qualities of the metal used to confine it as well as the nature and effects of fuel, that if we are careful not to defy established principles, steam is our most willing worker. It turns saw-mills, printing-presses, cotton-gins,—speeds over our roads with trains of carriages and freight,—bears away floating mansions, against wind and tide, across the ocean,—cooks, heats, searches out dyes from coarse logwood, and the like,—and applies itself to useful purposes, one way or another, in almost all the arts. Again, if we will it, and follow nature's laws, water gives up its oxygen and hydrogen, and thus the chemist secures the means of burning even the diamond ; the aeronaut makes wings for his adventurous flight, and the lighthouse derives the famous Drummond light for its work of mercy.

5. *Light* is no longer a mere colourless medium of sight. We may evoke from it any colour we please, for either use or pleasure. We may also take its chemical rays from the

rest, or its light rays, or its heat rays, and employ them separately or together; for we have found out where its strength lies in these particulars, so that at will light may pass from our manipulations shorn of its heating power, or of its power of promoting growth or chemical change. Yes, the subtile agent will now use its pencil in taking sketches from nature or portraits if we desire it, and the work is well done.

6. The ancient wise men, discoursing on the power which holds matter together, sometimes attributed to the particles convenient hooks for clinging to one another. Little was it dreamed that the force of combination in matter—now called attraction—included the lightning among its effects, and would be made to run errands and do hard work for man. Electricity, galvanism, magnetism, are modern names for some of the different moods under which this agent appears, and none of nature's powers now do better service.

7. It is kept in constant activity with messages over the continents, scaling mountains or traversing seas with equal facility. It does our gilding and silver-plating. Give it an engraved plate as a copy, and it will make a hundred such in a short time. If taken into employ, it will, in case of fire, set all the bells of a city ringing at once; or it will strike a common beat for all the clocks of a country; or be the astronomer's best and surest aid in observing phases in the heavens or measuring longitude on the earth. All this, and more, it accomplishes for us, or can if we wish, besides opening to our inquiring eyes the profound philosophy which God has inscribed in His works.

8. Nature is not now full of gloom and terror. Her fancied fiends have turned out friends. Although God still holds supreme control, and often makes man remember whence his strength is derived, yet every agent, however mighty in itself, is becoming a gentle and ready assistant, both in our work and play,—in the material progress of nations, as well as in their moral and intellectual advancement.

DANA.

ADVICE OF POLONIUS TO HIS SON LAERTES,
ON SETTING OUT ON HIS TRAVELS

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,
Bear it, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice ;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;
And they in France, of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
This above all—to thine own self be true ;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF

PART I

1. ABOVE and around us, to what part soever of the earth's surface we may go, at the top of the highest mountain as well as at the bottom of the deepest mine, we find ourselves surrounded by the invisible ocean of gas and vapour which we call AIR. It must, therefore, wrap the whole planet round as an outer envelope. Considered in this light, it receives the distinctive name of the ATMOSPHERE—that is,

the vapour-sphere—the region of clouds, rain, snow, hail, lightning, breezes, and tempests.

2. In early times, men regarded the air as one of four elements out of which the world has been made. It is not so very long since this old notion disappeared. But now it is well known that the air is not an element, but a compound of two elements—namely, the gases called *Nitrogen* and *Oxygen*.

3. In various ways chemists have analysed or decomposed air into its component elements, but the result is always the same, namely, that in every hundred parts of ordinary air there are, by weight, about seventy-nine of nitrogen and twenty-one of oxygen.

4. Air, when carefully tested, is always found to contain something else than nitrogen and oxygen. Solid particles, with various gases and vapours, are invariably present, but always in exceedingly minute, though most irregular quantities, when compared with the wonderfully constant proportions of the two chief gases. Some of these additional components of air are not less important than the nitrogen and oxygen. That they exist may be easily proved, and some light may thereby be thrown on the nature and uses of the air.

5. The presence of vast numbers of *solid particles* in the air may be shown by letting a beam of sunlight or of any strong artificial light fall through a hole or chink into a dark room. Thousands of minute motes are then seen driving to and fro across the beam, as the movements of the air carry them hither and thither. Such particles are always present in the air, though usually too small to be seen unless when, as in the darkened room, they are made visible against surrounding darkness by the light which they reflect from their surfaces when they cross the path of any strong light-rays. They are quite as abundant in the dark parts of the room, though, for want of light falling upon them, they are not seen there.

6. Could we intercept these dancing motes, and examine them with a strong microscope, we should find them to consist chiefly of little specks of dust. But among them there sometimes occur also minute living germs, from which,

when they find a fitting resting-place, lowly forms of plants or animals may spring. Some diseases appear to spread by means of the lodging and growth of these infinitesimal germs in our bodies, for they are so small as to pass with the air into our lungs, and thus to reach our blood.

7. It is difficult to catch these tiny motes from a sun-beam, but rain does this admirably for us. One great office of rain is to wash the air and free it from these impurities. Hence when rain-water is carefully collected, especially in large towns, it is found to contain plenty of these solid particles, which it has brought down with it in its fall through the air. This can be clearly seen when a small quantity of rain, gathered from an open space in a town, is evaporated to dryness, and the residue is placed under a microscope. Abundant particles of dust or soot are mingled with minute crystals of such substances as sulphate of soda and common salt. Hence we learn that, besides the solid particles, there must be floating in the air the vapours of minute particles of various soluble substances which are caught up by the rain and carried down with it to the soil. In seizing these impurities and taking them with it to the ground, the rain purifies the air and makes it more healthy, while at the same time it supplies the soil with substances useful to plants.



What is seen after some raindrops collected in a town are evaporated, and the residue is placed below a microscope.

8. But far more important than these solid ingredients are three invisible substances, two of them gases, called respectively ozone and carbonic acid gas, the third, the vapour of water. After a thunder-storm the air may sometimes be perceived to have a peculiar smell, which, however, is more distinctly given off from an electric machine. This is *ozone*, which is believed to be oxygen gas in a peculiar and very active condition. It promotes the rapid decomposition of decaying animal or vegetable matter, uniting with the noxious gases and thus disinfecting and purifying the air. It is most abundant where sea-breezes blow, and least in the air of the crowded parts of towns. The health-

ness or unhealthiness of the air seems to depend much on the quantity of ozone, which is estimated by the amount of discoloration produced by the air within a certain time upon a piece of paper prepared with starch and iodide of potassium.

WHAT THE AIR IS MADE OF

PART II

1. CONSIDER next the *carbonic acid gas*. When a piece of coal is set on fire it burns away until nothing but a little ash is left behind. Or when a candle is lighted it continues to burn until the whole is consumed. Now, what has become of the original substance of the coal and the candle? It seems to have been completely lost; yet in truth we have not destroyed one atom of it. We have simply, by burning, changed it into another and invisible form, but it is just as really existent as ever. We cannot put it back into the form which it had in the coal and candle, but we can at least show that it is present in the air.

2. The substance of a piece of coal or of a candle is composed of different elements, one of which is called *carbon*. This element forms one of the main ingredients out of which the substance of all plants and animals is built up. Our own bodies, for example, are in great part made of it. In burning a bit of coal, therefore (which is made of ancient vegetation compressed and altered into stone), or a candle (which is prepared from animal fat), we set free its carbon, which goes off at once to mix with the air. Some of it escapes in the form of little solid particles of soot, as we may show by holding a plate over the candle flame, when the faint column of dark smoke at once begins to deposit these minute flakes of carbon as a black coating of soot on the cool plate. The black smoke issuing from chimneys is another similar illustration of the way in which solid particles are conveyed into the air.

3. But the largest part of the carbon does not go off in smoke. It is, in the act of burning, seized by the oxygen of the air, with which it enters into chemical combination,

forming the invisible carbonic acid gas. It is, indeed, this very chemical union which constitutes what we call burning or combustion. The moment we prevent the flame from getting access to air it drops down and soon goes out, because the supply of oxygen is cut off. All ordinary burning substances, therefore, furnish carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere.

4. The amount thus supplied is of course comparatively small, for the quantity of vegetable or animal substance burnt, either by man or naturally, must be but insignificant, when the whole mass of the atmosphere is considered. An infinitely larger quantity is furnished by living air-breathing animals. In breathing we take air into our lungs, where it reaches our blood. A kind of burning goes on there, for the oxygen of the air unites with the carbon of the blood; carbonic acid is produced and comes away with the exhausted air, which we exhale again before taking the next breath. Just as we put out the burning of a candle by inverting a glass over it and closing it from the air, so we put an end to our own lives if we shut ourselves off from the air. When we reflect that every air-breathing animal is continually supplying carbonic acid gas to the atmosphere, we perceive how important this source of supply must be.

5. Living plants in the presence of sunlight have the power of abstracting from the carbonic acid of the air the carbon of which their framework is so largely made. When they die, their decay once more sets loose the carbon, which, uniting again with oxygen, becomes carbonic acid gas, and is carried by rain into the soil or taken up by the air. All decaying plants and animals which are freely exposed to the air furnish it with this gas.

6. Lastly, in many parts of the world, particularly in volcanic regions, this same gas is given out in large quantities from the ground. From all these various sources, then, the atmosphere is continually replenished with carbonic acid gas, to supply the loss caused by the enormous demands of the vegetable world for carbon.

7. Nevertheless, the quantity of this gas present in the

air is very small compared with the volume of the nitrogen and oxygen. It has been found to amount to no more, in ordinary pure air, than four parts in every ten thousand of air. Yet this small proportion suffices to support all the luxuriant growing vegetation of the earth's surface.

8. By the term *water-vapour* or *aqueous-vapour* is meant the invisible steam always present in the air. Every one is familiar with the fact that when water is heated it passes into vapour, which becomes invisibly dissolved in the air. A vessel of water, for instance, may be placed on a table in the middle of a room, heated by means of a spirit-lamp till it boils, and kept boiling till the water is entirely driven off into vapour, or evaporated. The air in the room shows no visible change, though it has had all this water-vapour added to it. But it may be easily made to yield back some of the vapour. Let an ice-cold piece of glass, metal, or any other substance be brought into the room. Though perfectly dry before, its surface instantly grows dim and damp. And if it is large and thick enough to require some minutes to get as warm as the air in the room, the dimness or mist on its surface will pass into trickling drops of water. The air of the room is chilled by the cold glass, and gives up some of its moisture. Cold air cannot retain so much dissolved vapour as warm air, so that the capacity of the air for vapour is regulated by its temperature.

9. It is not needful, of course, to boil water in order to get enough of water-vapour in the air of a room to be capable of being caught and shown in this way. In a warm sitting-room, where a few persons are assembled, there is always vapour enough to be made visible on a cold glass. In frosty weather the windows may be found streaming with water inside, which has been taken out of the air by the ice-cold window-panes. Whence came this moisture? It has been for the most part breathed out into the air by the people in the room.

10. Each of us is every moment breathing out water-vapour into the air. As a rule we do not see it, because the air around us is warm enough to dissolve it at once.

But any thing which chills our breath will make the vapour visible, such as breathing on a cold piece of glass or metal, when a film of mist at once appears on the object, or walking outside on a very cold frosty day, when the vapour of each breath becomes visible as a little cloud of mist in the air.

11. No matter, therefore, how dry the air may appear to be, more or less of this invisible water-vapour is always diffused through it. Every mist or cloud which gathers in the sky—every shower of rain, snow, or hail, which falls to the ground—every little drop of dew which at nightfall gathers upon the leaves, bears witness to its presence.

12. The importance of this ingredient of the atmosphere in the general plan of our world can hardly be over-estimated. It is to the vapour of the atmosphere that we owe all the water circulation of the land—rain, springs, brooks, rivers, lakes—on which the very life of plants and animals depends, and without which, as far as we know, the land would become as barren, silent, and lifeless as the surface of the moon. It is, likewise, to the changes in the supply of the same invisible but ever-present substance that the rise of winds and storms is largely due.

13. The quantity of water-vapour in the air varies from day to day, and indeed, from hour to hour. It is always comparatively small in amount, ranging from about four to about sixteen parts by weight in a thousand parts of air.

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

TYPHOONS AND WATERSPOUTS

1. THE ships that navigate the Indian Ocean have occasionally to encounter those terrific tempests called typhoons, which are peculiar to these seas, and which, with the hurricanes of the opposite hemisphere, are the most furious storms that blow. They rise with fearful rapidity, often coming on suddenly from a calm; and before the canvas can be secured, the gale is howling shrilly through

the spars and rigging, and the crests of the waves are torn off and driven in sheets of spray across the decks. The lightning is terrible ; at very short intervals the whole space between heaven and earth is filled with vivid flame, showing every rope and spar in the darkest night as distinctly as in the broadest sunshine, and then leaving the sight obscured in pitchy darkness for several seconds after each flash—darkness the most intense and absolute ; not that of the night, but the effect of the blinding glare upon the eye. The thunder, too, peals now in loud sharp startling explosions, now in long muttered growls all around the horizon.

2. In the height of the gale curious electrical lights, called St. Ulmo's fires, are seen on the projecting points of the masts and upper spars, appearing from the deck like dim stars. Soon after their appearance the gale abates, and presently clears away with a rapidity equal to that which marks its approach.

3. The storms are found by carefully comparing the directions of the wind at the same time in different places, or successively at the same place, to blow in a vast circle around a centre ; a fact of the utmost importance, as an acquaintance with this law will frequently enable the mariner so to determine the course of his ship as to steer out of the circle, and consequently out of the danger, when in ignorance he might have sustained the whole fury of the tempest. The course of the circle is the opposite of that taken by the hands of a watch, and is the same with that of the still more striking phenomena, waterspouts.

4. These are, perhaps, the most majestic of all these "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," which they behold who "go down to the sea in ships." They frequently appear as perpendicular columns, apparently of many hundred feet in height, and three feet or more in diameter, reaching from the surface of the sea to the clouds. The edge of the pillar is perfectly clean and well defined, and the effect has been compared to a column of frosted glass. A series of spiral lines run around it, and the whole has a rapid spiral motion, which is very apparent, though it

is not always easy to determine whether it is an ascending or a descending line. Generally the body of clouds above descends below the common level, joining the pillar in the form of a funnel; but sometimes the summit is invisible from its becoming gradually more rare. Much more constant is the presence of a visible foot; the sea being raised in a great heap, with a whirling and bubbling motion, the upper part of which is lost in the mass of spray and foam which is driven rapidly round.

5. The column or columns, for there are frequently more than one, move slowly forward with a stately and majestic step, sometimes inclining to the perpendicular, now becoming curved, and now taking a twisted form. Sometimes the mass becomes more and more transparent, and gradually vanishes; at others it separates, the base subsiding, and the upper portion shortening with a whirling motion till lost in the clouds. The pillar is not always cylindrical; a very frequent form is that of a slender funnel depending from the sky, which sometimes retains that appearance without alteration, or at others lengthens its tube towards the sea, which at the same time begins to boil and rise in a hill to meet it, and soon the two unite and form a slender column as first described.

6. When these sublime appearances are viewed from a short distance they are attended with a rushing noise somewhat like the roar of a cataract. The phenomenon is doubtless the effect of a whirlwind or current of air revolving with great rapidity and violence, and the lines which are seen are probably drops of water ascending in the cloudy column. They are esteemed highly dangerous; instances have been known in which vessels that have been crossed by them have been instantly dismasted and left a total wreck. It is supposed that any sudden shock will cause a rupture in the mass and destroy it; and hence it is customary for ships to fire a cannon at such as, from their proximity of course, there is any reason to dread. They are seen in all parts of the world, but are most frequent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

P. H. GOSSE.

A PSALM OF LIFE

1. TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 "Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.
2. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
3. In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
 Heart within and God o'erhead!
4. Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,

A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

5. Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST LAZINESS

1. SOME young men shirk work, or anything that requires effort or labour. Few people can entertain the idea that they are of no use in the world ; or that they are ruining themselves by their laziness. Yet the lazy person who does no work loses the power of enjoyment. His life is all holiday, and he has no interval of leisure for relaxation. The lie-a-beds have never done anything in the world. Events sweep past and leave them slumbering and helpless. "What is often called indolence," says Crabb Robinson, "is, in fact, the unconscious consciousness of incapacity."

2. "Idleness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the burial of a living man,—an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world ; and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf. When their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good ; they neither plough nor carry burthens ; all that they do is either unprofitable or mischievous. Idleness, indeed, is the greatest prodigality in the world."

3. The old Greeks insisted on the necessity of labour as a social end. Solon said, "He who does not work is handed over to the tribunals." Another said, "He that does not work is a robber." Labour is one of the best antidotes to crime. As the old proverb has it, "An idle

brain is the devil's workshop," for by doing nothing we learn to do ill. The man who does not work, and thinks himself above it, is to be pitied as well as condemned. Nothing can be more terrible than active ignorance and indulged luxury. Self-indulgence saps the foundation of morals, destroys the vigour of manhood, and breeds distempers that nothing but death can eradicate.

4. Those who know most, know best that the devil usually presents himself in the guise of an angel of light, and that sin, in its most seductive forms, arrays itself in the garb of pleasure. The Turkish proverb says, "The devil tempts the idle man, but the idle man tempts the devil." He who follows the devil's lurid light will find before long that ruin follows close upon self-indulgence, and that sorrow becomes only the ghost of joy. Madox Brown, the painter and poet, has illustrated the value and beneficence of labour in the following rugged but effective sonnet:—

"Work ! which beads the brow, and tans the flesh
Of lusty manhood, casting out its devils !
By whose weird art, transmuting poor men's evils,
Their bed seems down, their one dish ever fresh.
Ah me ! For lack of it what ills in leash
Hold us. Its want the pale mechanic levels
To workhouse depths, while Master Spendthrift revels.
For want of work, the fiends him soon inmesh !
Ah ! beauteous tripping dame with bell-like skirts,
Intent on thy small scarlet-coated hound,
Are ragged wayside babes not lovelier too ?
Untrained, their state reflects on thy deserts,
Or they grow noisome beggars to abound,
Or dreaded midnight robbers, breaking through."

5. Aristotle strongly remarks that happiness is a certain energy; and daily observation shows that happiness and health are incompatible with idleness,—incompatible with the frivolity that lives in the wind of fashion and plays with the toy of the hour. Most men have opportunities without end for promoting and securing their own happiness. Time can be made the most of. Stray moments, improved and fertilised, may yield many brilliant results. It is astonishing how much can be done by using up the odds and ends

of time in leisure hours. We must be prompt to catch the minutes as they fly, and make them yield the treasures they contain ere they escape for ever. In youth the hours are golden, in mature years they are silvern, in old age they are leaden. Who at twenty knows nothing, at thirty does nothing, at forty has nothing. Yet the Italian proverb adds, "He who knows nothing is confident in everything."

6. "We have," says Ruskin, "among mankind in general the three orders of being,—the lowest, sordid and selfish, which neither sees nor feels; the second, noble and sympathetic, but which neither sees nor feels without concluding or acting; and the third and highest, which loses sight in resolution and feeling in work." Promptitude and punctuality are among the blessings and comforts of life. For want of these gifts some of the greatest men have failed. Curran once said to Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your day, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape and tie up your bills and papers." Mackintosh failed for want of method and punctuality, though endowed with the noblest intellectual powers. Cavour was one of the most punctual of men, and achieved greatness independent of red tape.

7. In the most ordinary affairs—in the business or calling by which we live—at home or abroad—we must take heed of the value of time, keep watch over it, and be punctual to others as well as to ourselves. Without punctuality, indeed, men are kept in a perpetual state of worry, trouble, and annoyance. Punctuality is said to be the politeness of kings. It is also the politeness of subjects. When a certain nobleman, who had made an appointment with George III., went to his Majesty too late, the king made a remark upon his unpunctuality; on which the nobleman replied, "Better late than never."—"No," said the king, "that is a mistake; I say, *better never than late*." "Too late" is the curse of life: too late for obedience; too late for love; too late for respect; too late for reverence; too late for reform; too late for success; but not too late for ruin.

8. No life need be useless unless its owner chooses. We can improve and elevate ourselves, and improve and

elevate others. We can make ourselves better, and make others better. But this can only be done by the patient use of our moral and intellectual faculties. Miss Julia Wedgwood says, "Of all the mental gifts, the rarest is intellectual patience, and the last lesson of culture is to believe in difficulties which are invisible to ourselves." Many are born with noble gifts and talents; but patient labour is necessary to make them available. Bacon, Newton, and Watt—Pitt, Wellington, and Palmerston—Scott, Byron, and Thackeray—worked as hard in their lifetime as common mechanics. Indeed, no man of ascendancy in science, politics, or literature can maintain and advance his position without long-continued patience and long-protracted labour.

DR. SAMUEL SMILES.

NOW AND THEN

1. IN distant days of wild romance,
Of magic mist and fable,
When stones could argue, trees advance,
And brutes to talk were able;
When shrubs and flowers were said to preach,
And manage all the parts of speech;—
2. 'Twas then, no doubt, if 'twas at all
(But doubts we need not mention),
That THEN and Now, two adverbs small,
Engaged in sharp contention;
But how they made each other hear,
Tradition doth not make appear.
3. THEN was a sprite of subtle frame,
With rainbow tints invested,
On clouds of dazzling light she came,
And stars her forehead crested;
Her sparkling eye of azure hue
Seemed borrowed from the distant blue.

4. Now rested on the solid earth,
And sober was her vesture ;
She seldom either grief or mirth
Expressed by word or gesture ;
Composed, sedate, and firm she stood,
And looked industrious, calm, and good.
5. THEN sang a wild, fantastic song,
Light as the gale she flies on ;
Still stretching, as she sailed along,
Towards the fair horizon,
Where clouds of radiance, fringed with gold,
O'er hills of emerald beauty rolled.
6. Now rarely raised her sober eye
To view that golden distance,
Nor let one idle minute fly
In hope of THEN's assistance ;
But still, with busy hands, she stood,
Intent on doing *present* good.
7. She ate the sweet but homely fare
That passing moments brought her
While THEN, expecting dainties rare
Despised such bread and water,
And waited for the fruits and flowers
Of future, still receding hours.
8. Now, venturing once to ask her why,
She answered with invective,
And pointed, as she made reply,
Towards that long perspective
Of years to come, in distant blue,
Wherein she meant to *live* and *do*.
9. "Alas !" says she, "how hard you toil
With undiverted sadness !
Behold yon land of wine and oil—
Those sunny hills of gladness ;
Those joys I wait with eager brow"—
"And so you always will," said Now.

10. "That fairy-land that looks so real,
 Recedes as you pursue it ;
 Thus, while you wait for time's ideal,
 I take my work, and do it,
 Intent to form, when time is gone,
 A pleasant past to look upon."
11. "Ah, well," said THEN, "I envy not
 Your dull fatiguing labours ;
 Aspiring to a brighter lot,
 With thousands of my neighbours,
 Soon as I reach that golden hill"—
 "But that," says Now, "you never will."
12. "And e'en suppose you should," said she
 "(Though mortal ne'er attained it),
 Your nature you must change with me,
 The moment you had gained it :
 Since hope fulfilled, you must allow,
 Turns Now to THEN, and THEN to NOW."

JANE TAYLOR.

MANLINESS OF HEART AND SOUL

1. If you are hunting for "a man," look out for *a being that has a heart*. I am using the word in its popular sense, and mean a warm, loving, affectionate nature. How is it that some persons—I fear I must say some young men (though none of them are here)—are silly enough to imagine that any tenderness of this kind is unmanly, and a thing to be ashamed of? I have met with those who prided themselves on being "all head and no heart," as though, forsooth, a cold, unfeeling nature had some affinity with intellectual vigour. Quite a mistake. If you have not a heart, my friend, you are not a complete man. Never be ashamed of having strong domestic affections. Never be ashamed of betraying emotion when you hear a tale of woe, or of shedding a tear over another's sorrow. It is the

bravest and manliest of young men that are the most easily touched by some kind allusion to their paternal home, and that speak most fondly of a precious mother or a little sister. Amid all the remarkable successes of the noble Garfield, nothing stirred his energy more than the thought of the gratification that would be given to his mother's heart. However busy he might be, he always found time to write a letter home, and tell all that he was doing. The man who is fondly attached to his parents is the man whose affections a maiden may deem herself happy to secure. And I will say this, though you may smile at it, that it often wields an excellent and wholesome influence upon a young man, when he has already found one whom he can place in the centre of his affections. There are two persons that have more to do with a man's life than all others put together; the one is his mother, the other his wife: in regard to the former you have no choice, but in regard to the latter you have; God grant that that choice may be wisely made.

2. If you want to find "a man," look out for a *being who has a soul*; I mean, that is capable of earnest, serious, solemn thought. Once a man stood stunned at the first sight of the Falls of Niagara; when he got his breath back, and the people standing by were all expecting an explosion of descriptive eloquence, he only said, "I wonder how much machinery all this would turn!" Well, they are telling us now that there is enough power there, when converted into electricity, to lighten the world! When I look upon the vigorous young manhood that we have in this metropolis, I find myself saying, What a power is here, if rightly applied and employed, to illumine our whole land! But, what are thousands doing? Simply wasting that power, throwing it away. Dugald Stewart tells us of a man who was busy for fifteen years trying to balance a broom on his chin. Positively, I see many who are scarcely better employed. I put down a good deal of this folly and inanity to trashy reading. I tell you, I am sometimes sheer amazed when in a tram-car, or railway carriage, to see, on glancing over the shoulder of a young man seated beside me, the utter

rubbish which he is reading. There are tons of sensational literature sold, and greedily read every year, which had much better have been turned into a bonfire ; for the moral evil thus wrought is incalculable. Never read a book which, if your most wise and thoughtful friend were to come upon you perusing, you would instantly snatch up and stow away out of sight. A man is not "a man" if he does not feel he has within him a spark of immortality, and that he has been created for something higher and nobler than idle pleasure or material pelf.

3. There are those whom, it is true, we cannot upbraid on the ground of their indolence and frivolity ; and yet they seem impervious to spiritual conviction, being completely absorbed with business. The truth is, they can think of nothing else. Up to the neck in bills, and accounts, and invoices, and orders, they have not a corner of their heart, or of their time, for matters religious ; and, probably, they are honest enough frankly to say so. I sometimes think when I look at a particular column of the newspapers (which I confess I scarcely understand), Oh that men were as eager for the heavenly world as they are for this !—" *Money stringent. Stock market depressed. Cotton steady. Petroleum dull. Lard active but drooping. Wheat and corn weaker, and less doing. Flour : buyers more free. Coffee quiet. Sugar firm. Iron quiet.*" Such is a specimen of the language of commerce, which tells how intently men are seeking after worldly gain, and how they rack their brains to secure it. But, if no higher aims dominate the soul, can this be called a noble pursuit ? Does it elevate or dignify ? Does it tend to produce "men" ? I fear the opposite is too true. Goldsmith hinted as much when he wrote :—

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
When wealth accumulates, and men decay."

I was struck the other day with those lines which Robert Burns sent to an intimate friend ; showing that, amid all his levity and excess, he had some moments of deep seriousness :—

“ The voice of nature loudly cries—
 And many a message from the skies—
 That something in us never dies :
 That on this frail uncertain state
 Hang matters of eternal weight ;
 That future life, in worlds unknown,
 Must take its hue from this alone ;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as misery's woeful night.
 Since then, my honour'd first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us th' important NOW employ,
 And live as those who never die.”

Fancy poor Burns writing a sermon like that ! With all his faults, he had a grand conception of the dignity of man ; and in his soberest moments even he felt that *then* only is a man complete, when he recognises his spiritual and immortal part, and lives for something higher than the present world.

DR. J. THAIN DAVIDSON.

CONTENTMENT

1. My mind to me a kingdom is ;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That world affords, or grows by kind :
 Though much I want what most men have,
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.
2. Content I live—this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice :
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look—what I lack, my mind supplies !
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.
3. I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
 I see how those that sit aloft
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

4. I laugh not at another's loss ;
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
 I brook that is another's pain.
 I fear no foe, I scorn no friend ;
 I dread no death, I fear no end.

5. Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
 I little have, yet seek no more :
 They are but poor, though much they have ;
 And I am rich, with little store.
 They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
 They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

6. I wish but what I have at will ;
 I wander not to seek for more ;
 I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
 In greatest storm I sit on shore,
 And laugh at those that toil in vain,
 To get what must be lost again.—
 This is my choice ; for why?—I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

SIR E. DYER.

THE YOUTH OF THE EMPEROR MARCUS AURELIUS.

1. AT the age of seventeen, Aurelius, who, even from his infancy, had been loaded with conspicuous distinctions, saw himself the acknowledged heir to the empire of the world.
2. We are happily able, mainly from his own writings, to give some sketch of the influences and the education which had formed him for this exalted station.
3. He was brought up in the house of his grandfather, a man who had been three times consul. He makes it a matter of congratulation, and thankfulness to the gods, that he had not been sent to any public school, where he would

have run the risk of being tainted by that frightful corruption into which, for many years, the Roman youth had fallen. He expresses a sense of obligation to his great-grandfather for having supplied him with good teachers at home, and for the conviction that on such things a man should spend liberally. There was nothing jealous, barren, or illiberal in the training he received. He was fond of boxing, wrestling, running; he was an admirable player at ball, and he was fond of the perilous excitement of hunting the wild boar. Thus his healthy sports, his serious studies, his moral instruction, his public dignities and duties, all contributed to form his character in a beautiful and manly mould. There are, however, three respects in which his education seems especially worthy of notice;—I mean the *diligence*, the *gratitude*, and the *hardiness* in which he was encouraged by others, and which he practised with all the ardour of generous conviction.

4. In the best sense of the word, Aurelius was *diligent*. He alludes more than once in his *Meditations* to the inestimable value of time, and to his ardent desire to gain more leisure for intellectual pursuits. He flung himself with his usual undeviating steadfastness of purpose into every branch of study, and though he deliberately abandoned rhetoric, he toiled hard at philosophy, at the discipline of arms, at the administration of business, and at the difficult study of Roman jurisprudence. One of the acquisitions for which he expresses gratitude to his tutor Rusticus, is that of reading carefully, and not being satisfied with the superficial understanding of a book. In fact, so strenuous was his labour, and so great his abstemiousness, that his health suffered by the combination of the two.

5. His opening remarks show that he remembered all his teachers—even the most insignificant—with sincere *gratitude*. He regarded each one of them as a man from whom something could be learnt, and from whom he actually *did* learn that something. Hence the honourable respect—a respect as honourable to himself as to them—which he paid to Fronto, to Rusticus, to Julius Proculus, and others whom his noble and conscientious gratitude raised to the highest



MARCUS AURELIUS AND HIS MOTHER.

dignities of the State. He even thanks the gods that "he made haste to place those who brought him up in the station of honour which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with mere *hopes* of his doing it some time after, because they were then still young." He was far the superior of these men, not only socially but even morally and intellectually; yet from the height of his exalted rank and character he delighted to associate with them on the most friendly terms, and to treat them, even till his death, with affection and honour, to place their likenesses among his household gods, and visit their sepulchres with wreaths and victims.

6. His *hardiness* and self-denial were perhaps still more remarkable. This young Roman, though born in the midst of splendour and luxury, learnt from the first to loathe the petty vice of gluttony, and to despise the unmanliness of self-indulgence. Very early in life he joined the glorious fellowship of those who esteem it not only a duty but a pleasure

"To scorn delights, and live laborious days,"

and had learnt "endurance of labour, and to want little, and to work with his own hands." In his eleventh year he became acquainted with Diogenetus, who first introduced him to the Stoic philosophy, and in his twelfth year he assumed the Stoic dress. This philosophy taught him "to prefer a plank-bed and skin, and whatever else of the kind belongs to the Grecian discipline." It is said that "the skin" was a concession to the entreaties of his mother, and that the young philosopher himself would have chosen to sleep on the bare boards or on the ground. Yet he acted thus without self-assertion and without ostentation. His friends found him always cheerful; and his calm features,—in which a dignity and thoughtfulness of spirit contrasted with the bloom and beauty of a pure and honourable boyhood,—were never overshadowed with ill-temper or with gloom.

7. The guardians of Marcus Aurelius had gathered around him all the most distinguished literary teachers of the age,

Never had a prince a greater number of eminent instructors ; never were any teachers made happy by a more grateful, a more humble, a more blameless, a more truly royal and glorious pupil. Long years after his education had ceased, during his campaign among the Quadi, he wrote a sketch of what he owed to them. This sketch forms the first book of his *Meditations*, and is characterised throughout by the most unaffected simplicity and modesty.

8. The *Meditations* of Marcus Aurelius were in fact his private diary ; they are a noble soliloquy with his own heart, an honest examination of his own conscience ; there is not the slightest trace of their having been intended for any eye but his own. In them he was acting on the principle of St. Augustine: "Go up into the tribunal of thy conscience, and set thyself before thyself." He was ever bearing about

"A silent court of justice in himself,
Himself the judge and jury, and himself
The prisoner at the bar."

And writing amid all the cares and distractions of a war which he detested, he averted his eyes from the manifold wearinesses which daily vexed his soul, and calmly sat down to meditate on all the great qualities which he had observed, and all the good lessons that he might have learnt from those who had instructed his boyhood and surrounded his manly years.

9. And what had he learnt?—learnt heartily to admire, and (*we* may say) learnt to practice also? A sketch of his first book will show us. What he had gained from his immediate parents we have seen already, and we will make a brief abstract of his other obligations.

10. From "his governor"—to which of his teachers this name applies we are not sure—he had learnt to avoid factions at the races, to work hard, and to avoid listening to slander ; from Diognetus, to despise frivolous superstitions, and to practise self-denial ; from Apollonius, undeviating steadiness of purpose, endurance of misfortune, and the reception of favours without being humbled by

them ; from Sextus of Chæronea (a grandson of the celebrated Plutarch), tolerance of the ignorant, gravity without affectation, and benevolence of heart ; from Alexander, delicacy in correcting others ; from Severus, “a disposition to do good, and to give to others readily, and to cherish good hope, and to believe that I am beloved of my friends ;” from Maximus, “sweetness and dignity, and to do what was set before me without complaining ;” from Alexander the Platonic, “*not frequently to say to any one, nor to write in a letter, that I have no leisure ;*” nor continually to excuse the neglect of ordinary duties by alleging urgent occupations.”

II. To one or two others his obligations were still more characteristic and important. From Rusticus, for instance, an excellent and able man, whose advice for years he was accustomed to respect, he had learnt to despise sophistry and display, to write with simplicity, to be easily pacified, to be accurate, and—an inestimable benefit this, and one which tinged the colour of his whole life—to become acquainted with the *Discourses* of Epictetus. And from his adoptive father, the great Antoninus Pius, he had derived advantages still more considerable. In him he saw the example of a sovereign and statesman firm, self-controlled, modest, faithful, and even-tempered ; a man who despised flattery and hated meanness ; who honoured the wise and distinguished the meritorious ; who was indifferent to contemptible trifles, and indefatigable in earnest business ; one, in short, “who had a perfect and invincible soul,” who, like Socrates, “was able both to abstain from and to enjoy those things which many are too weak to abstain from and cannot enjoy without excess.” Piety, serenity, sweetness, disregard of empty fame, calmness, simplicity, patience, are virtues which he attributes to him in another full-length portrait which he concludes with the words, “Imitate all this, that thou mayest have as good a conscience when thy last hour comes as he had.”

F. W. FARRAR.

HUMAN FRAILTY

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain ;
But passion rudely snaps the string,
And it revives again.
Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part,
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his art we view,
And while his tongue the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.
Bound on a voyage of awful length
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heaven must swell the sail
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

LORD LAWRENCE

1. JOHN LAIRD MAIR LAWRENCE was born in 1811 and died in 1879, being sixty-eight years of age. Within that time he entered the Civil Service of the East India Company, governed the Punjab, then the most difficult province in India, took a very prominent part in the War of the Mutinies, was by many called the saviour of the Indian empire, and became Viceroy of India. By reason of his

conduct in these capacities he is regarded as a man of heroic simplicity, and as one of the best British type, to be reckoned among our national worthies.

2. He was a man of action as distinguished from a man of letters. He did not write a book nor contribute to periodical literature. Among his predecessors and successors in high office amidst the imperial affairs of India, some have been men either of letters or of literary culture ;



LORD LAWRENCE.

as for instance, Warren Hastings, Wellesley, Teignmouth, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lytton. Though neither unlettered nor uncultured, he had no literary training nor did he possess that which would nowadays be called culture. Again, some of his predecessors and successors had acquired a considerable position either in political and parliamentary life at home or in imperial affairs abroad, as, for example, Amherst, Ellenborough, Hardinge, Dalhousie,

Canning, Elgin, Mayo, Northbrook. But he derived his position solely from experience of India, knowledge of her people, and services rendered within her limits. The son of a poor and hardy veteran officer, he was essentially a self-made and a self-taught man. It is therefore interesting to learn how he came to make and teach himself thus grandly, and what was the process of the making and the teaching. For he had no wondrous gifts of intellect or imagination and few external graces. He never enjoyed the advantages of high education, of family connection, of contact with political life, of guidance from the lights of the age. He had to raise himself by his own upheaving force, and to propel himself by his own motive power. Before him many great men have been singled out for greatness by every observer from their youth onwards. But he as a young man was never deemed remarkable, and almost up to his middle life he was not expected by his best friends to acquire greatness. Then the hour of difficulty came, and was followed by other hours harder and harder still; and he was found more and more to be the man for them all. From a good magistrate of a comparatively old district he became the administrator of a newly-annexed territory. Thence he rose to be Resident at a Native Court in time of trouble, and virtual governor of an arduous province. While thus occupied he was overtaken by the desperate tempest of the Mutinies, and he rode on the crest of every wave. Thence he was promoted in natural order to the supreme command in India. Thus he rose not by assumed antecedents nor by collateral advantages, but by proved merit in action. Doing lesser things very well he was tried in greater things, and he did them with equal efficiency. Tested in the furnace of fiery danger he showed the purest metal. Lastly, when elevated to the highest office he was still successful.

3. All this while, his qualities were for the most part those which are commonly possessed by British people. He evinced only two qualities in an uncommon degree, namely, energy and resolution. But if he was not a man of genius in the ordinary acceptation of the term, there must have

been a certain genius in him, and that was virtue. Such genius is indeed heaven-born, and this was the moral force which combined all his faculties into a harmonious whole and made him a potent instrument for good, a man of peace or of war, according to the requirements of right and justice. His virtue was private as well as political, domestic as well as public. He was a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a kind father, an affectionate brother, a steadfast friend. There have been men eminent in national affairs over whose life a veil must partially be thrown; but his conduct was unassailable even by those who assailed his policy and proceedings. However fiercely the light might beat on him, he was seen to be unspotted from the world. Again there have been statesmen who, vigilant as regards the public interests, have yet neglected their own concerns; but he was a good steward in small things as well as in great. He always found the means of meeting charitable demands; he was ever ready with trusty counsel for his friends; he managed a fund formed by himself and his brothers as a provision for their widowed mother. But, while upright and undaunted before men, he was inwardly downcast and humble before the all-seeing Judge. He relied on divine mercy alone, according to the Christian dispensation. Apart from the effect of his constant example in Christian action, he made no display of religion beyond that which occasion might require. In this cardinal respect as in all lesser respects he was unostentatious, excelling more in practice than in precept. Amidst the excitement of success in emergent affairs, he would reflect on the coming time of quiet and retirement. In the heyday of strength and influence he would anticipate the hour when the silver cord must be loosed and the golden bowl broken; when surrounded with pomp and circumstance, he would reckon up the moments when the splendid harness must be cast aside. In a word, massive vigour, simplicity, and single-mindedness were the keynotes of his character.

4. His course, from the beginning to the end of life, should have a spirit-stirring effect on the middle class from

which he sprung. For to his career may be applied the Napoleonic theory of a marshal's baton being carried by conscripts in their knapsacks during a campaign. With virtue, energy, and resolution like his, British youths of scanty means, winning their places by competition, may carry with them to the Eastern empire the possibilities of national usefulness and the resources for conquering fortune in her noblest sphere.

5. Moreover, a special lesson may be learnt from him, namely, that of endurance; for he was, in the midst of energetic life, often troubled and sometimes even afflicted by sickness. In early life he seemed to have been born with powerful robustness; but as a young man he suffered several times from critical illness, and in middle age ailments, affecting chiefly the head, grew upon him like gathering clouds. As an elderly man he was prematurely borne down to the dust of death, while according to ordinary hope he might yet have been spared for some years to his family, his friends, and his country. If anything could add to the estimation in which he is held, it is the remembrance that when he magnificently swayed the Punjab his health was fitfully uncertain, that it was still worse when he stemmed the tide of the Mutiny and Rebellion, that it had never been really restored even when he became Viceroy, and that during the performance of deeds, always arduous and often heroic, he had to struggle with physical pain and depression as well as wrestle with public emergencies.

6. But though he might have added something to the long list of his achievements had his life been prolonged, still the main objects of his existence had been fulfilled, and he died neither too early nor too late for his fame. Even if it cannot be said of him that he lived long enough to be gathered to his fathers like a full shock of corn, still there is a fulness and a completeness in his career. To his memory may be applied the lines of Schiller on a dead hero: "He is the happy one. He has finished. For him is no more future here below. For him destiny weaves no webs of envy now. His life seems spotless, and spreads

out with brightness. In it no dark blemish remains behind. No sorrow-laden hour knocks to rouse him. He is far-off beyond hope and fear. He depends no longer on the delusive wavering planets. For him 'tis well for ever. But for us, who knows what the dark-veiled hour may next bring forth!"

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

SANTA FILOMENA

1. WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.
2. The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.
3. Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!
4. Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—
5. The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.
6. Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

TIGER-SHOOTING

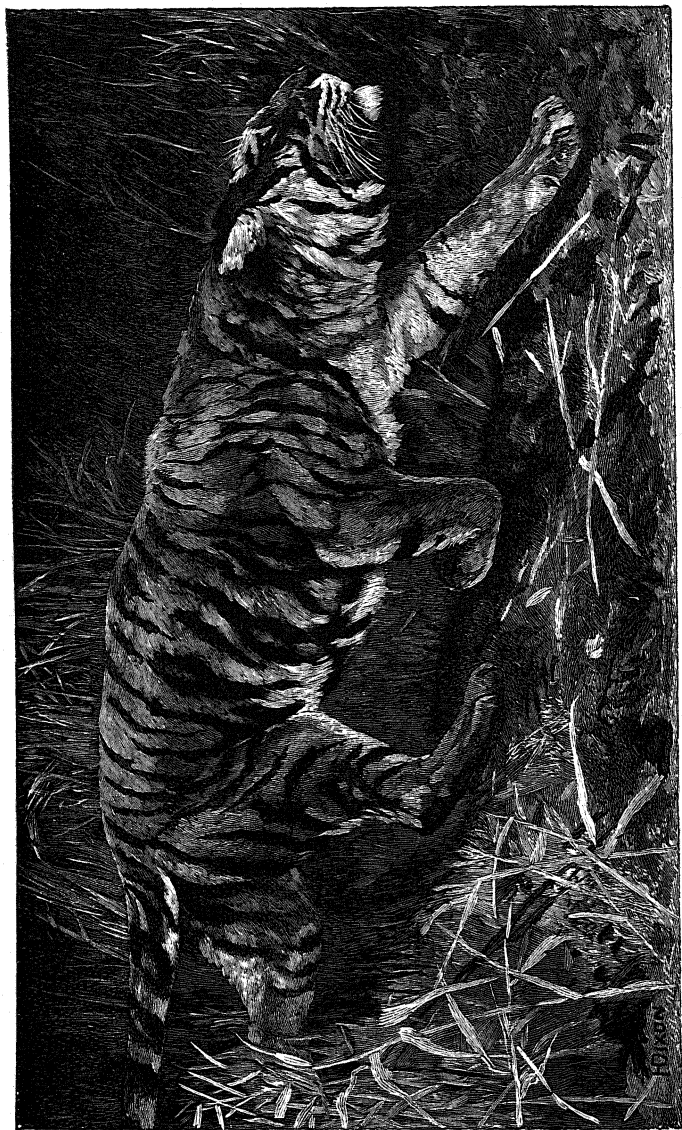
7. And slow as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.
8. As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.
9. On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.
10. A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.
11. Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore. LONGFELLOW.

TIGER-SHOOTING

1. WE set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large chattah, which, however, was almost needless. The raja, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The raja was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not

always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces projecting over his mohout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long jungle-grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild-fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel; their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

2. At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the tope pointed out to us; and while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare, through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the raja entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind sprang up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky brown colour, with spreading, but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a "mohr," a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it. A little farther another rose, which Mr. Boulderson said was the female; of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, well repaid my coming out, and from the animation and eagerness of everybody round me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every



waving of the jungle-grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

3. At last the elephants all threw up their trunks into the air, began to roar, and to stamp violently with their fore-feet; the raja's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all her mohout could say or do, took up her post, to the raja's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mohout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. "We are close upon him," said Mr. Boulderson; "fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you." Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. "There, there," cried the mohout, "I saw his head!" A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and, a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, "I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him." In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm; and in fact we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had now not sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that the animal so near me was a tiger at all I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mohout, and what is perhaps more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me that

I was quite in rule ; that in such sport no courtesies could be observed ; and that the animal, in fact, rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably my last, essay in the "field sports" of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

4. I asked Mr. Boulderson, on our return, whether tiger-hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chase of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same ; inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble ; but if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence ; and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the ground, riders and all. When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him ! The elephant either kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his ribs and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn ; and a large old tiger

sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls, from pain or from the hope of rolling on his enemy, and the people on his back are in very considerable danger both from friends and foes; for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be. But this did not often happen, and in general persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough.

HEBER'S "INDIAN JOURNAL."

THE NAGARI ALPHABET

| Capitals | Small Letters | Names | Capitals | Small Letters | Names |
|----------|---------------|-------|----------|---------------|--------|
| A | a | ए | N | n | एन् |
| B | b | बी | O | o | ओ |
| C | c | सी | P | p | पी |
| D | d | डी | Q | q | किउ |
| E | e | ई | R | r | आर् |
| F | f | एफ् | S | s | एस् |
| G | g | जो | T | t | टी |
| H | h | एच् | U | u | इउ |
| I | i | आइ | V | v | भी |
| J | j | जे | W | w | डब्लिउ |
| K | k | के | X | x | एक्स् |
| L | l | एल् | Y | y | ओयाइ |
| M | m | एम् | Z | z | जेड् |

THE PERSIAN ALPHABET

| Capitals and Small Letters | Names | Capitals and Small Letters | Names |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| A a | (ياي مجهول) اي | N n | (ياي مجهول) اين |
| B b | بي | O o | (واوي مجهول) او |
| C c | سي | P p | پي |
| D d | دي | Q q | قيو |
| E e | (ياي معروف) اي | R r | ار |
| F f | (ياي مجهول) ايف | S s | (ياي مجهول) ايس |
| G g | جي | T t | تي |
| H h | (ياي مجهول) ايچ | U u | (واوي معروف) ايو |
| I i | آئي | V v | في |
| J j | (ياي مجهول) جي | W w | (واوي معروف) دابليو |
| K k | (ياي مجهول) كي | X x | (ياي مجهول) ايكس |
| L l | (ياي مجهول) ايل | Y y | اوائي |
| M m | (ياي مجهول) ايم | Z z | (ياي مجهول) زيد |

THE BENGALI ALPHABET

| Capitals | Small Letters | Names | Capitals | Small Letters | Names |
|----------|---------------|-------|----------|---------------|--------|
| A | a | এ | N | n | এন্ |
| B | b | বী | O | o | ও |
| C | c | সী | P | p | পী |
| D | d | ডী | Q | q | ক্ৰিউ |
| E | e | ই | R | r | আৰ্ |
| F | f | এফ্ | S | s | এস্ |
| G | g | জী | T | t | টী |
| H | h | এচ্ | U | u | ইউ |
| I | i | আই | V | v | ভী |
| J | j | জে | W | w | ডব্লিউ |
| K | k | কে | X | x | এক্স |
| L | l | এল্ | Y | y | ওয়াই |
| M | m | এম্ | Z | z | জেড্ |